

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Weekly Companion of the Best-loved Magazine in the World

Number 222

Week Ending
JUNE 16, 1923

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d.

THE FLYING MAN IN THE ARCTIC

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Seven

MOTHER OF THE PRIME MINISTER

A BRIGHT CHILD AND
A BEAUTIFUL OLD LADYA Brother's Stories of Life
in the Wonderful HomeAN AUTHOR WHO COULD
NOT WRITE

Last week we gave an account of the remarkable family from whom the Prime Minister, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, has sprung on his mother's side. One who knew the Macdonald family well when its brilliant daughters were young has been good enough to remind us of a charming book in which the story of the family is told.

The book is written by the Rev. F. W. Macdonald, the famous Wesleyan preacher who is happily still with us, and he has given this book of his memories the pleasant title of "As a Tale that is Told." A fine tale it is, especially in its delightful pages sketching the girlhood of the Macdonald sisters, who became famous for their wit and wisdom and their fine social qualities. We read especially of the early girlhood of Mrs. Baldwin, the mother of the Prime Minister.

Life at Its Best

"Charmingly precocious, and intellectually and spiritually bright and beautiful," is our correspondent's description of Mrs. Baldwin as a child, and she still is.

Our readers, we are sure, will thank us for giving some extracts from this timely book, by the best-known brother of the Macdonald girls whose fame, once so bright in social circles, has now been happily revived.

Mr. Macdonald's account of the family when he was a boy shows how fine a life could be lived on the most modest means. His father, Rev. George Browne Macdonald, in the year before the family author—the fifth child—was born, was receiving £163 16s. annual salary as a Wesleyan minister, with a house; and he spent £162 5s. rd. Yet he managed to spend freely on books, and "we children had at the time no sense of privation, or of any painful effort on our parents' part to make a small income suffice for a large family. It is true we went without many things, but nothing that we needed."

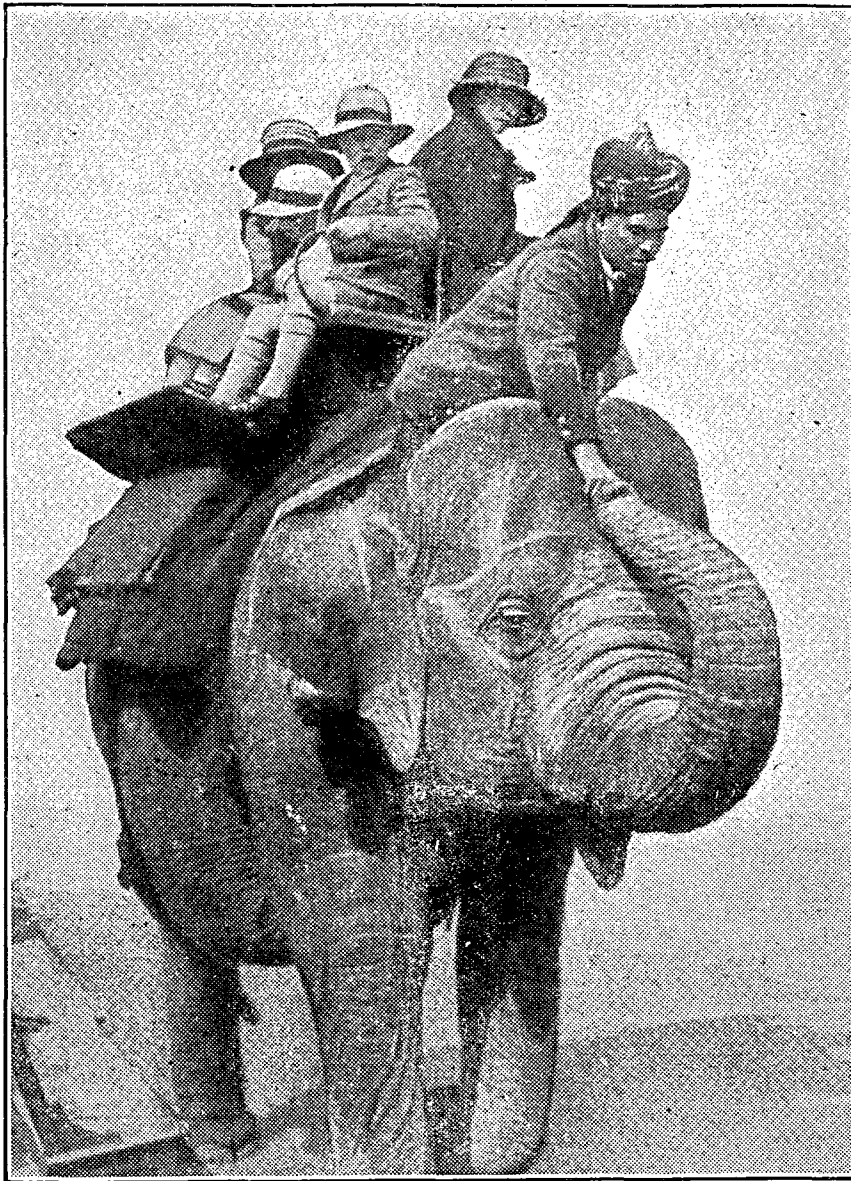
A First Story

"What a garden of girls it was in which my childhood and youth were spent!" exclaims Mr. Macdonald. "The gifts of wit and humour, and quick, felicitous speech, of music and song, all were theirs."

Then he goes on specially to single out his youngest sister but one, Louisa, "a bright child of six or seven." That was the lassie who has now lived to see her son Prime Minister of England.

He describes how she was the first of the family to give way to the charms of imagination; even before she could write

Comrades at the Zoo.



An Indian mahout who is particularly skilful in the management of elephants has been brought over by the London Zoo to train the newer elephants in the Gardens, and he is here seen being greeted by one of his big friends

she dictated her first story, "The History of the Piebald Family." The Piebalds were horses! A little later she came under the inspiration of Milton, and began a poem in the Miltonian style, which went no farther than the first line: And down the shady path that devil walked.

Here is one of the best stories about Louisa Macdonald, now Mrs. Alfred Baldwin.

She had on one occasion amused the whole family by an extremely clever and pungent remark. A day or two afterwards, when there was a guest or two at the table, my father repeated her saying, though without mentioning the author's name. Amid the laughter that it caused she sat swelling with indignation at hearing her witticism quoted without acknowledgment, an invasion, as it seemed to her, of the primary rights of a humorist. She bore it as long as she could, until, bursting into tears, she exclaimed: "God knows I made that joke!" and ran out of the room.

One morning when this extraordinary child came to the breakfast-table she seemed depressed, and was asked what was the matter. "Oh," she replied, "I

have had a bad dream! I dreamt that I was Anti-Christ, and had my ears boxed with sheet-lightning for my impudence."

"What could the wisest parent say to such weird imagining?" asks her brother.

One more story. Mr. Macdonald tells how a very youthful preacher, who was a guest, talked at the breakfast table in a forced way, and much too long, about religion, finally proceeding to relate a dream. "I dreamt," said he, "that I saw my heart, and it was all black, and hard, and full of stones."

"Oh, then," interrupted Miss Louisa, "it wasn't your heart; it was your gizzard."

It is a joy to think that this bright girl who was married to Mr. Alfred Baldwin on the same day that her sister Agnes was married to Sir Edward Poynter, and whose married life, as her brother says, was "without cloud or shadow and wanting no good thing," should live to see her son the recipient of the nation's good wishes as First Minister of the Crown. *Portraits on page 4*

TALES OF HEROES BELOW GROUND

THE MEN IN THE MINE

Little Harry Maltby and His
Pit PonyTHE MAN WHO STOPPED
THE WAGON

The record of heroism in mines, prompt and unquestioning, is one of the simple glories of mankind.

A story comes to the C.N. from the Wollaton Collieries, in Nottinghamshire, which calls for the widest publicity.

It is often suggested that pit ponies are treated cruelly by their drivers. Those who know anything of the spirit that rules in the minds of pit lads toward their ponies are well aware that ill usage of the ponies is very rare. The incident now brought to our notice illustrates what the relations between boys and the underground ponies really are.

The Pit Pony Slips

Robert Henry Maltby, a fifteen-year-old lad, of 14, Lindsay Street, Hyson Green, Nottingham, was leading his pony along one of the haulage roads, in the Radford pit of the Wollaton Collieries, when some other boys near at hand heard a shout, and found that the pony had slipped and had fallen on the boy. Evidently the boy was badly hurt and in great pain, but he called out, "Never mind me; see to my pony," and would not allow them to do anything for him until the pony had recovered its footing. The pony was no worse for the fall; but the poor, chivalrous boy was terribly injured and died.

The manager of the colliery writes to us in admiration of the unselfish spirit of this lad, and his admiration will be shared by every reader of the story. The feeling of the boy for his dumb companion, says our correspondent, is no exception. The boys treat their ponies as pets.

"I usually keep peppermint lozenges in my pocket to give to the ponies," he adds, "and when, on the day after the accident, I went into the workings, this particular pony came to me and thrust his nose into my pocket."

A Splendid Act of Heroism

Another example of bravery in the mine is brought to light by the King's award of the Edward Medal to a miner at the Barnsley Main colliery.

A workman who had fallen in a fit was being carried to the bottom of the shaft, when the tub he had been guiding at the time of his seizure began to move down the narrow roadway where the man was being carried.

Instantly Arthur Hatcher, knowing that he could not hold back the loaded tub, as it gathered speed, lay down in front of it to block its way and save the men in front. His body stopped the wagon, but the saviour of his comrades had his spine injured and has never worked since. *Portrait on page 4*

MONEY FOR EVER? COST OF AN OLD SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

How We are Paying for Him
After Hundreds of Years
CHANCE TO SAVE THE TAXES

By Our Political Correspondent

Had any generation a right to endow a family for ever with pensions to be paid by generations yet to be?

We have given up the practice now. If the nation is grateful to someone who has served it well, it gives at once a money gift as a sign of its gratitude, or if it gives a pension it is for a limited number of lives. But, in the past, pensions were arranged to go on through endless years, at the cost of people unborn.

The most scandalous of these impositions on posterity has just been brought to light. A German soldier of fortune, who sold his services to any country, joined William the Third just before William landed in England in 1688. In 1689 this hired soldier became naturalised in this country, and was given £100,000 for transferring his services to England. He also was created Duke of Schomberg by the king.

Thirteen months later he was killed in Ireland at the Battle of the Boyne, and his heirs were granted a pension for ever. Some of the pension has been commuted since, but in 1792, or 102 years after Schomberg's death, £360 a year of the pension was sold into another family, as a bargain, and the pension has been paid by the country to them for 140 years, and is still being paid to them.

An Endless Heritage

Thus the pension of some of the heirs of this foreign soldier of England was traded away, and as matters now stand it will continue to be paid, by us and our children's children, for ever, to those who are not even the heirs of the original pensioner. Is that just and right?

Questions of this kind occur from time to time in politics, as a bad heritage to us from the wrong ideas and unjust follies of our ancestors, and we ought to take the trouble to understand them. Schomberg was simply a soldier adventurer. He was no Englishman at all. He was only a hired soldier who sought, as a business, to make himself useful to William the Third. He did not deserve a pension for his heirs at the everlasting expense of the British people; and the real right will only be done when Parliament undoes the wrong of the past.

NEW WAY OF ELECTING PARLIAMENTS

Premier's Remarkable Idea
for Italy

A DOUBTFUL SCHEME

Signor Mussolini, the Italian Premier, is the most original man in European politics. His mind ferments with ideas.

Many of them, however, involve experiments that have not been tested by experience, and his chances of practical management have been few. His latest scheme is sensational. He suggests that for purposes of a general election all Italy shall be one constituency, and vote for the whole Parliament.

Experienced electioneers, who know the difficulty of getting people to vote for one or two members at a time, cannot believe that hundreds of members could be voted for intelligently in a batch, especially by those citizens whose education and knowledge of politics are far from complete.

If Signor Mussolini persists in testing his scheme, his influence in Italy is probably strong enough to enable him to make the experiment, but probably everyone except himself will view the change with apprehension.

It is most likely to lead to an overwhelmingly powerful Government, unchecked by a sufficient Opposition; and unrestrained power has always proved itself to be a great public danger.

THE ARABS IN PALESTINE Trouble Over an Election A CURIOUS DEADLOCK

In Palestine, where a government was to be formed by popular election, the arrangement has broken down.

An election was held in February to form a Legislative Council, but the Arabs did not vote. As there are 590,000 Arabs, 75,000 Christians, and 84,000 Jews in the country, it is clear that a government from which the Arabs were absent would represent less than one-fourth of the people, and that would not be workable.

Recognising this, the British, acting under the power given them by the Mandate, have set aside the election, and have chosen, for immediate purposes, an Advisory Council whose members will be nominated by the British High Commissioner in Palestine.

This Council will consist of twelve members, seven chosen from the chief Mohammedan families, one of the Bedouin chiefs, two Christians, and two Jews. In that way all sections of the population will be represented, but not by election.

This Council will advise the High Commissioner, who is the real governor, until an election of the Legislative Council can be successfully held. Ultimately, it is hoped, the Council will consist of 12 elected members, 10 officials, and the High Commissioner, as it would have done now if the Mohammedans had elected their representatives in February. It is hoped that soon the Arabs will see the advantage of the election plan.

THE WOLVES COME DOWN THE HILLS

Summer Opens Like Winter

The most striking evidence of the queeriness of the weather in May and early June, throughout all Europe, was the presence of wolves low down in the valleys of the Austrian Alps.

At the end of May wolves were moving about these valleys almost as if they were tame. Last year many sheep and goats mysteriously disappeared. Wolves were not known to be about, but it is now supposed they must have been in considerable numbers upon the hills, and now they are being driven by the severe weather into the warmer valleys.

The weather must indeed be bad when the descent of the wolves from the hills serves to act as a barometer as Midsummer approaches.

COURAGE ON THE RAILWAY

An Extraordinary Accident

A most extraordinary accident occurred recently on the London, Midland, and Scottish Railway.

While a passenger train was running 60 miles an hour, the connecting rod under the engine snapped, and, penetrating the plates of the firebox, caused an inrush of steam and boiling water which severely scalded the driver, who had just shut off steam to pull up at Crewe.

The driver, Mr. F. Davies, of Longsight, Manchester, was so burned that afterwards he had to be conveyed to the hospital, but with great courage, in spite of his suffering, he put on his brakes and brought the train to a standstill. The broken machinery, which fell on the track, damaged the underworks of some of the carriages, but no one except the plucky driver was hurt—a remarkable escape, considering the unusual character of the accident and the high speed of the train.

GEORGE HERIOT Benefactor of Edinburgh MAN WHO FIGURES IN THE STORIES OF SCOTT

Edinburgh has been celebrating one of its greatest benefactors, George Heriot, goldsmith of Edinburgh and London, and perhaps the most noted goldsmith that ever lived.

He died 300 years ago. Now Lord Rosebery, on being invited to Edinburgh, replied that he would give anything to be able to be present and respond for George Heriot himself, but could not come owing to his crippled condition.

Lord Rosebery would indeed have had a right to respond for George Heriot, for Heriot's second wife married Alison Primrose, whose father, James Primrose, clerk to the Scottish Council, was grandfather of the first Earl of Rosebery.

What could have been better than that the fifth Earl of Rosebery, once Premier of England, should proudly acknowledge the family link that connects him with "Jingling Geordie," who found the money which enabled James the First of England and the Sixth of Scotland to dress up to the part he was playing when he mounted the English throne?

Money Left for the Children

Readers of Sir Walter Scott's *Fortunes of Nigel*, one of the best of the great master's tales, must remember George Heriot, the adviser of the first Stuart king and staver-off of his ever-present financial needs. Geordie the money-lender, canny but honest, is one of the best characters Scott ever drew.

When he died he left Edinburgh, for the education of the children of the city, a large sum of money which included a number of debts owing to him by the king and others. Many of these debts were afterwards repaid to the estate, and the total income from Heriot's bequest now reaches £24,000 a year, and ensures a good education for large numbers of Edinburgh children.

Few men have better deserved that their names shall be held in honoured memory than Geordie Heriot, whose gold jingled so pleasantly in the ears of James Stuart.

HOPE FOR IRELAND AT LAST

Failure of the Rebels

DE VALERA GIVES UP THE FIGHT

The senseless, hopeless, tragic war in Ireland has been stopped at last by the rebel leader, De Valera, as far as he can stop it, and once more Ireland has a chance of showing whether she can take the place in the world to which her people believe they are entitled.

But what a waste of life and national well-being has gone on for no purpose whatsoever during the last year! The whole world has seen with most perfect clearness that there could be no end to the murderous struggle except that which has come. Yet Mr. De Valera and his followers have been blind to the facts—blind as bats.

The De Valera incident in Irish history—for it is only an incident—will remain a fearful proof of the harm that may be done by misty thinkers and profuse talkers who have no knowledge of practical affairs.

Throughout the whole of the British Empire the hope will be strong that Ireland will now show the world the good that it firmly believes is in the Irish race. Northern Ireland is showing it already, and calling to the South and West to come on.

THE FLY IN THE BLUE Does It Avoid It?

WHAT A LOOKER-ON IN
TRINIDAD THINKS

A good friend of ours abroad, writing the other day in a depressing mood, signed the letter "Yours in the blue." Now a grown-up reader, Mr. Alexander Duckham, writes to the papers of the fly in the blue, and what he says is interesting, suggesting that a fly is no more fond of "the blue" than a human optimist.

Mr. Duckham has lived for some time in Trinidad and states that he noticed that the flies there fought very shy of blue-painted interiors, both in cowsheds and in barracks. On leaving the island, Mr. Duckham asked a local official to continue observations and report to him, and now he learns that in an experimental room which was prepared no flies have been seen since it was painted blue, and that the usually lively mosquitoes were much more chary of entering it.

This is curious, for blue is a favourite colour with most people. During recent years doctors who have paid attention to the medical aspects of colours and their effects on the nerves have discovered that blue aids concentration, is soothing, and magnetic; and rooms painted with blue ceilings, in imitation of the blue of the sky, suggesting openness and fresh air, were found to have a very beneficial effect on shell-shock patients in hospitals.

Moreover, blue has long been known to have health-giving power for plants as well as for human beings, and flowers grown under blue glass have increased both in size and vitality. But the curative and vitalising properties of blue seem to depend much on the shade.

FOSSIL RAINDROPS

Unique Relics of a Storm

From the recent eruptions of the volcano of Kilauea, in Hawaii, one of the observers has brought back a supply of one of the most curious fossils known to science—fossilised raindrops.

During an eruption at Kilauea which took place 124 years ago, and lasted several months, there were great thunderstorms. The raindrops falling through the hot, dust-laden atmosphere became completely charged with fine dust, which arranged itself in concentric shells like the balls in a Chinese puzzle.

These became slightly cemented as they fell, and, dropping into the soft layer of ash beneath them, kept their form, many of them as large as marbles. There they have remained for more than a century, or have since been swept by little rills of rain-water into what look like heaps of pebbles.

Similar "hardened raindrops" fell at Naples, and were found after the eruption of Vesuvius in 1906. There only a few were found, but at Kilauea they may be picked up by the bushel.

In the South Kensington Natural History Museum fossils may be seen of ripple marks and footprints of animals more than a million years old; but these are the first fossil raindrops.

SOCIETY BEETLES

Life in Hollow Trees

Beetles are looked upon as "social" beings if the parents live with their children and take care of them.

Professor W. M. Wheeler has recently discovered two new families of beetle which live a social life in British Guiana. They take up their residence in hollows of leguminous trees, live on the pith, and build up a bank of their rubbish by pushing it away with their flattened heads. The old beetles which die are buried among this bank of rubbish.

When the little colony has increased so much in numbers that their life becomes congested, they seek fresh haunts in similar plants.

BEGINNING OF A GREAT INVENTION

ANIMAL THAT GAVE AN IDEA

The Thirsty Cow that Helped to Invent a Famous Wheel

STORY OF A JET OF WATER

The growing development of mining in the Western States of America during the last year or two has led to an ever-increasing use of the Pelton water-wheel, in which a powerful jet of water plays on a series of cups placed round the circumference of the wheel, and turns the wheel at great speed.

The cups, or buckets, are divided into halves, and curved with great nicety as the result of long experiment, so that the stream of water is divided into two, and advantage is taken of the reaction. Pelton wheels are particularly useful for districts, like the West of America, where there is plenty of water falling from a great height, as they can be made at comparatively small cost, and the water power can be used without any very elaborate plant. A three-foot wheel at the Comstock mine in Nevada, working with a 2100 foot-head of water, develops 100 horse-power with only a half-inch stream of water.

The Cow and the Hose

The story of how the Pelton wheel came to be invented has just been told, and surely never had any great invention a more curious origin.

The wheel owes its beginning to a very homely incident which took place in Nevada County in the summer of 1860, when Lester A. Pelton, who had gone out from Ohio on a mining venture, was washing the gravel for gold with a stream from a length of ordinary hose.

The fall of water above was considerable, and the stream came out of the hose with a good deal of force. Just as the sun was sinking, a cow which was kept in the camp for its milk strolled to where the miner was working in order to slake its thirst. There was some danger of the animal upsetting the sluices, so the man turned the hose on the cow to drive her away.

By chance the powerful jet struck the cow in the nostrils, with the result that her head was jerked back sharply. In a moment the idea of the Pelton wheel came to its inventor. If the cow's head was thrown back thus sharply by means of so small a stream, why should not the same principle be applied to a water-wheel fitted with cups corresponding to the cow's nostrils?

A New Idea

At that time water-wheels in mining camps were very primitive affairs, consisting of large wheels with flat boards attached all round the circumference, against which the current of the stream pressed, thereby revolving the wheel.

Pelton was fired with his new idea, and within an hour he was rigging up a wagon wheel with empty cans tied to the rim. When it was completed he turned the hose on the cans, and the wheel whizzed round at top speed. His faith in his idea was triumphantly vindicated, and while continuing to work his gold claim he built a complete model of what developed into the Pelton water-wheel, known and used all over the world today.

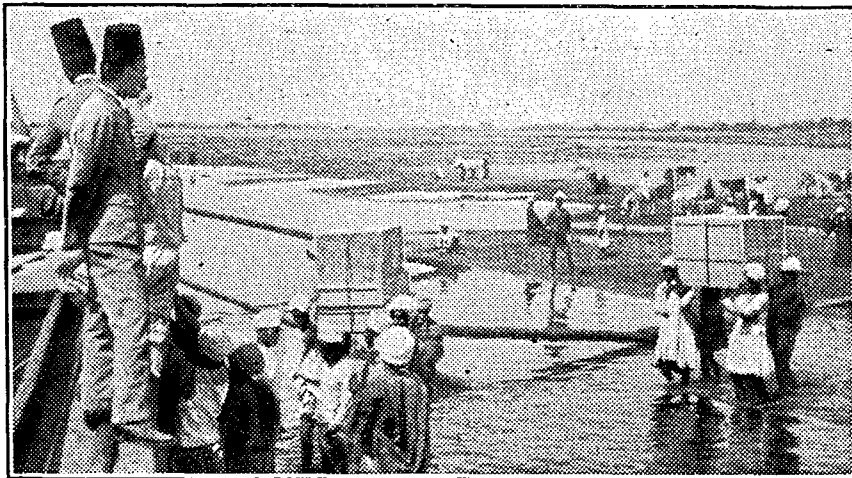
A CROCODILE'S MEAL

Something for the British Museum

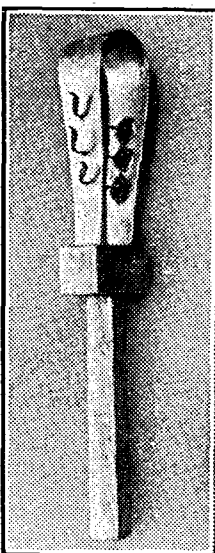
The contents of the stomach of a man-eating crocodile have recently been presented to the British Museum by Mr. C. F. M. Swynnerton.

Over a dozen heavy metal bracelets, a quantity of human bones, the crushed shell of a tortoise, the entire quills of a large porcupine, and a necklace of blue glass beads are among the remains of the last meal the crocodile took.

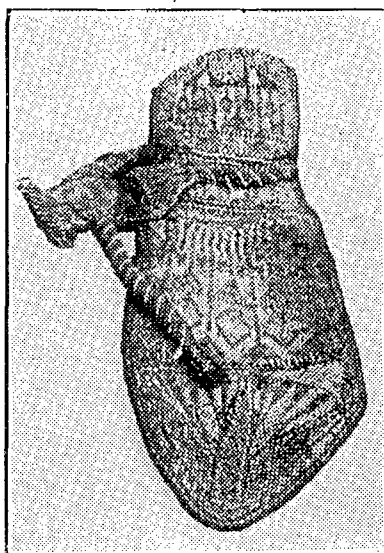
THE WONDERS OF PHARAOH'S TOMB



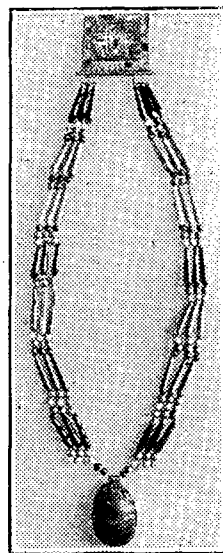
The treasures of Tutankhamen's tomb being sent off to Cairo



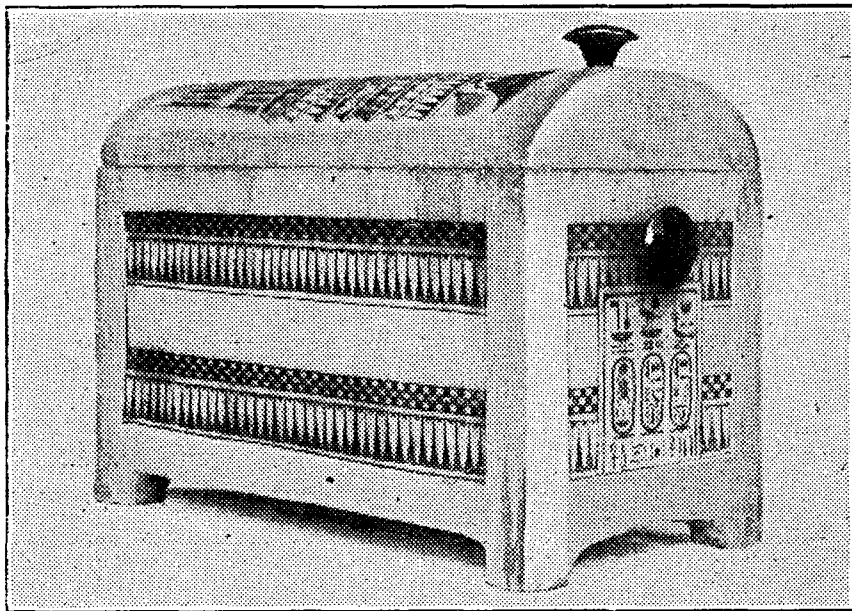
A musical instrument that still plays



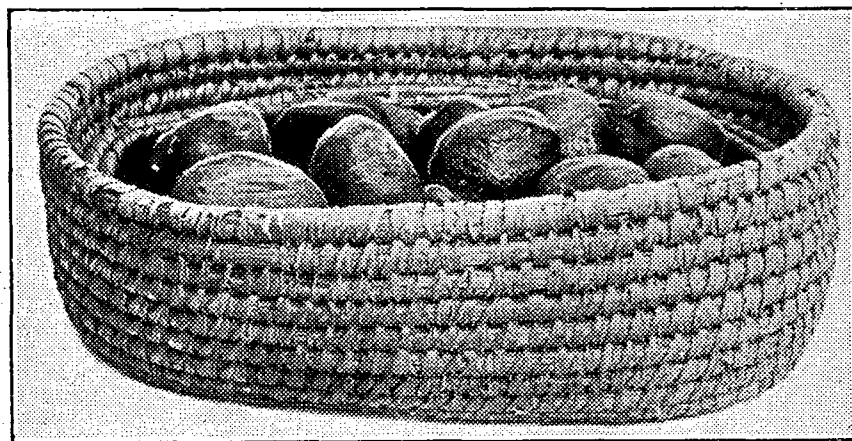
A child's sandal made of many-coloured beads of glass



A necklace with glass beads and amulet



A beautiful alabaster casket decorated with incised work



A basket with the nuts as originally found

Many of the treasures of Tutankhamen's tomb have now been taken to Cairo, and are on exhibition in the museum there. Some of the beautiful and interesting objects are shown here, after receiving proper treatment by the experts. The Times World Copyright

FROM FLODDEN TO FLANDERS

THE POET AS HISTORY'S WITNESS

Story of the Smoke Screen in the War

SCHOOLBOYS WHO COULD TEACH COUNSEL

The Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors who served the nation in the war continues its sitting.

It has as its latest care the claims of gallant Captain Heaton Armstrong, who, reaching Europe with the Indian troops, interested himself in the production of a smoke screen for protecting the men.

First he directed his efforts to making smoke by burning rags and oil, but was laughed at by his fellow officers. Afterwards he devised other and better means. The point is: who originated the idea of the smoke screen in war? Captain Armstrong does not profess to have done this, but only to have improved upon previous endeavours.

Mr. Hunter Gray, counsel for the Crown, said that he would prove that smoke screens were known in 1729.

Now, the average schoolboy would be able to assure the Crown counsel that they were certainly in use 400 years before the first shot in the war was fired.

The Smoke of War

It was in 1513 that the Battle of Flodden was fought; and every youthful student of history knows that the Scots opened the fateful engagement by setting fire to their huts, tents, refuse and litter, and charging down the hill under cover of its smoke, "as was their ancient custom."

Poetry is a wonderful aid to memory, and thousands of Britons all over the world remember lines from Scott's "Marmion," which they had to declaim at school:

"But see! look up, on Flodden bent
The Scottish foe has fired his tent."

And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreathed in sable smoke.
Volumed and fast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke.

Then follow lines instinct with mystery, terror, and dread, telling in a rush of fierce, galloping music how a false king and the flower of his land's nobility rushed, under the protection of that cloudy pillar, to doom.

Smoke-screens for war are far older than Flodden, but the smoke created to cover the opening of that fell day in the Cheviots will never be forgotten, outside a court of law. Scotland's heart was wrung at Flodden by deaths which placed every one of her famous families in mourning, and her sorrow is sung in a poem which gives us thoughts and lines as firmly established in our common speech as anything in Shakespeare.

CAT AND HER PARTNERS

Lincolnshire Cooperators

A Lincolnshire reader sends an account of the cooperative rearing of kittens by their mother and a hen.

Four kittens have been born in an old coop in the henhouse. When they were born there was plenty of room for the hen who wanted to sit there, the cat, and the kittens.

Now, when the cat comes round for milk and food, the hen takes charge of the kittens as if they were chickens.

I am wondering whether, when the kittens are old enough to move about, the hen will still mind them.

THE SCHOOL JOURNEY

A PRACTICAL IDEA IN EDUCATION

How a London School Carries It Out

EXCELLENT WAYS OF SEEING THE WORLD

One of the drawbacks of English education, which perhaps is unavoidable, is that great numbers of people do not know what is really done in connection with the schools. An instance has reached us showing what is being done with the splendid idea of taking scholars on school journeys.

There is a School Journey Association, and about 400 schools belong to it and have had school journeys. It may be asked, by those who do not regard popular education with much sympathy: What specific education can be given through a holiday journey? Where does definite education come in?

The instance we shall use to answer those questions is the last journey made by boys of the Canterbury Road L.C.C. School, Peckham. This was the fourth journey made by the school, and the twentieth similar journey made by its headmaster, Mr. C. J. Rose; and this one lasted eight days.

Good Fellowship and Self-Reliance

The destination was Abergavenny, often called the Gateway of Wales. Forty boys formed the party, under the charge of six adults, the wife of the headmaster acting as Mother.

A 48-page manuscript guidebook had been prepared, so that every stage of the journey could be observed and studied with intelligence.

Here are the aims set forth in the Guide. To bring teachers and scholars into closer touch with each other; foster habits of good fellowship, self-reliance, and unselfishness; develop powers of observation of natural objects; study Nature on a larger scale than is possible in school; investigate the causes that produce scenery; extend knowledge of mankind, past and present; cultivate a taste for natural pleasures and pursuits; gain health; and learn how to spend a holiday intelligently and happily.

Planning the Journeys

The most admirable illustrated Guide opens with a map of the railway journey, showing the distances travelled, the river courses followed, towns passed and their features and industries, hills sighted, geological formations noted, and their significance. On reaching Abergavenny a map of the town enables the boys to find their way about.

Each day excursions are planned, with accompanying maps drawn and coloured, showing elevations and geological features, and giving informative notes; architectural features of cathedrals and castles illustrated by drawings and plans; historical notes added where distinct history can be traced; place-names explained; and the animal, bird, and plant life indicated and depicted.

In short, the boys are shown throughout how to connect what they may read in books with the things they can see for themselves, so that knowledge is not mere reading but observed fact.

Teachers and Scholars

And this was carried on through a tour which included the Malvern Hills, the Black Mountains and lower valley of the Usk; glens, waterfalls, caves, farms, steel works, and a coalmine; Raglan Castle and Worcester Cathedral.

This tour is not a part of school routine, but is holiday work, due to the enthusiasm of teachers for their calling and to personal interest in their scholars.

Its significance could be added to in many ways outside of school journeys, which are but a slender part of the out-of-school activity by which teachers expand their work in the schools.

BROADCASTING SHAKESPEARE

Actors Who Sit at a Play PUTTING A GIRDLE ROUND THE EARTH

Shakespeare has been broadcasted, and the statement he put into the mouth of Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, "I'll put a girdle round about the earth," has now been almost literally fulfilled.

How amazed the poet would be if he could know that one of his plays acted in London was listened to by people



Mrs. Baldwin, mother of the Prime Minister, in her younger days, as in her girlhood, as Louisa Macdonald. Lady Burne-Jones, wife of the famous artist, as in her girlhood, as Georgiana Macdonald.

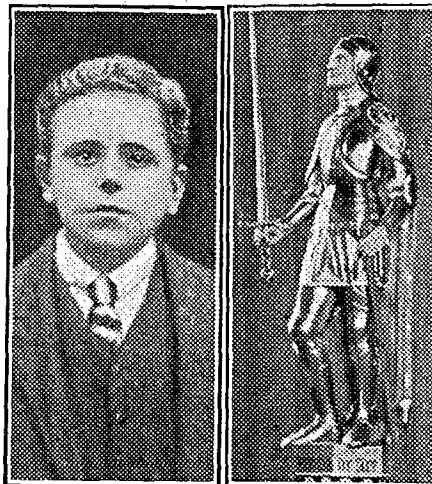
Two of the sisters of the wonderful Macdonald home. See page one

living all over "this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

It must surely have been the strangest presentation of a Shakespearean drama ever seen; but very few people witnessed it, though thousands heard it.

The actors and actresses sat in easy chairs in a curtained room, and simply read the play to the broadcasting apparatus, which looks very much like a big camera. Curiously enough, however, one or two could not throw off old habits, and, though no gestures were necessary, they could not help acting as if they were on the stage.

The play presented was *Twelfth Night*, and the entrance of the actors into the curtained room and the giving



Robert Maltby, the boy hero of Nottingham. See page one. The statue of Joan of Arc, just erected in Winchester Cathedral.

of the signal that all was ready was curiously suggestive of Shakespeare's own words, put into the mouths of Polonius and Hamlet:

Polonius: The actors are come hither, my lord.

Hamlet: Buzz, buzz!

If by broadcasting, the poet's plays can become better known and better loved, wireless will have proved itself a worthy handmaiden of literature.

FOSSILISED FOREST

Discovery in a River Bed

A fossilised forest has been unearthed by workmen diverting a small river near New York.

The formation of the trees is very strange. They are from 35 to 45 feet high, and the bottoms are like bulbs, spreading out like the roots of an onion.

WELLINGTON AND WESLEY

REMARKABLE LINK BETWEEN THEM

Conqueror of Napoleon and Conqueror of the Countryside

UNKNOWN BENEFACTOR

Two great names, borne by very different men, come together in the calendar this week. June 17 is the anniversary of the birth of John Wesley, at Epworth; June 18 is the anniversary of Waterloo.

Wesley and Wellington had little in common with each other, and we are not told that they ever met.

There is, too, connected with these two great figures, one of the prettiest but least-known of all the romances of English history. Probably not one in fifty of the millions of Wesley's followers knows that the great preacher was a kinsman of the great soldier. It was not a close relationship, but their common ancestry has been traced back to the fifteenth century. There is, however, a closer link between the man of peace and the man of war than that.

The Friend in Ireland

When Charles Wesley, the brother of John, was a boy at Westminster School an unknown namesake in Ireland, with a large fortune, wrote to his father asking if he had a son named Charles, adding that, if so, he would be glad to make him his heir. For several years the school bills of Charles Wesley were paid by his unseen friend, who at length called upon the boy, and invited him to accompany him to Ireland. Charles's father left the youth to take his own course. Satisfied with the prospects opening out to him, Charles chose to stay in England, and all intimate friendship between the boy and his benefactor ceased.

The generous Irishman sought another heir, whom he found in the first Baron Mornington, the grandfather of the Duke of Wellington.

A Schoolboy's Sacrifice

The history of the world has often depended on a trifling incident such as this, and who shall say what England owes to the sacrifice of a schoolboy nearly 200 years ago? "Had Charles made a different choice," says Southey, "there might have been no Methodists, the British Empire in India might still have been menaced from Seringapatam, and the undisputed tyrant of Europe might have insulted and endangered us on our own shores."

It became known that the benefactor of Wesley was a kinsman, Mr. Garrett Wesley, or Wellesley, and to this fact the Iron Duke owes the name Wellesley. The Earl of Mornington on succeeding to the estates in Ireland assumed the name of Wesley, and in his youth the great duke wrote his name "Arthur Wesley."

We are not told whether the Wesleys knew of this singular circumstance, but certainly neither Charles nor John could have dreamed of all the consequences of Charles's decision at school. Wellington was spending his first years in the army when the founders of Methodism laid down their work.

John Wesley's Teapot

Wesley's house and chapel still stand as they stood when Wesley died. The chairs in which he sat, the desk at which he wrote, the pens which he used, are reverently preserved at City Road, in London. The clock which ticked when Wesley died still ticks today, and even the huge teapot he used is shown to Methodist pilgrims, though the spout has gone the way of all spouts. And the pulpit from which John Wesley preached so many sermons when he was not riding on horseback through England will be occupied tomorrow, as it has been occupied every Sunday since his death, by a leader of the Church which he founded, and which has now become the largest Protestant community in the world.

LIVING HIS TRAVELS O'ER AGAIN

C.N. PICTURE TEST OF OBSERVATION

Spring-Cleaning the Architecture Volumes at the Library

HUNTING FAMOUS BUILDINGS

While the thousands of entries for our well-known Buildings test of observation are being examined, our readers, we think, will like to read the letter which follows telling the experiences of one of themselves who is a competitor. At any rate, his fellow competitors will be glad to realise how someone else has felt respecting the search for architectural features.

Our correspondent's letter shows that, apart from the attempt to win a prize that may be of considerable value if the winner is ahead of the rest of the competitors, a competition demanding a considerable amount of knowledge, and search for more knowledge, has a distinct educational value, and extends the information and interest of many readers.

The C.N. has long since earned its reputation as a highly interesting, educative, and enjoyable publication, read by people of all classes and all ages; but never before, I think, has it devised a competition that has aroused such wide interest as the well-known Buildings competition.

Besieging the Free Library

In our city the interest in and enthusiasm for this competition has been unbounded. The local free library has been a veritable hive of industry, frequented at all available hours by those drawn thither, not, I feel sure, merely by a desire to win £100, but by the magic spell that these pictures of buildings gradually weave round us.

In the lending department treatises on architecture, seldom asked for, were the order of the day. Sometimes, when unearthed from the dim regions below, they had to undergo a spring cleaning before being handed over. Here, there, and everywhere throughout the large reference room were to be seen boys and girls of school age, and men and women of all ages, bent on the same task. The C.N. was ubiquitous.

The Trouble of Meals

First of all attracted to the competition by the fact that I had travelled a good deal, and recognised many of the buildings at a first glance, I found myself gradually becoming absorbed in it, in them to the exclusion of almost everything else. Meal-times came to be regarded as almost unwarrantable interruptions in an all too short day. When I made a discovery, I felt as elated as if I had discovered an El Dorado.

But there were many disappointments, too, on finding that one had not been sufficiently observant. I realised this when I, all too hastily, assumed that No. 10 was the Bridge of Sighs at Venice. By-and-by a doubt crept in, and it was borne in upon me that the gloominess of the Venice Bridge of Sighs was wanting. A hasty consultation of my Views of Venice proved that they were not identical, and then ensued an interesting and exciting hunt till I ran the bridge to earth.

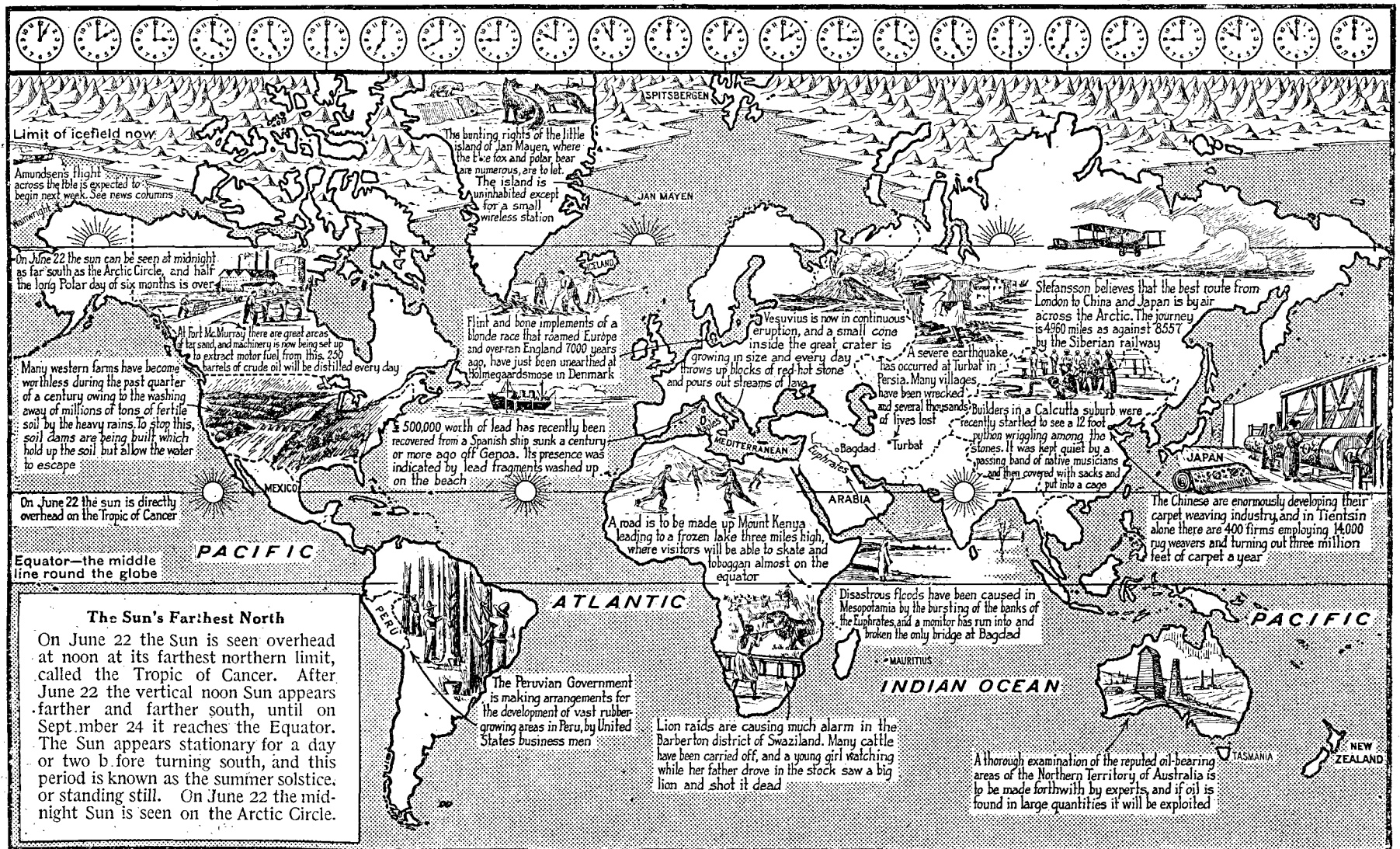
The Joy that Comes with Success

Numbers 18 and 39 proved the most elusive. They both seemed so familiar, and yet, as the days passed, they seemed to become more and more invested with an air of mystery. With what joy I discovered that 18 was no other than a church within whose precincts I had, years ago, found solace.

But alas! No. 39 still remained to be spotted. It was an extraordinary bit of good luck that led me to take up a book on 13th century cathedrals and find the replica of 39 staring at me.

Joy over my success was succeeded by a feeling of deep regret that the chase was at an end.

PICTURE-NEWS & TIME MAP SHOWING THE SUN'S FARTHEST NORTH



HIS LIFE FOR A DOG Plunge into a Whirlpool

Another boy hero has come to light in Winnipeg, Canada, a boy who gave his life in a vain attempt to save a dog.

Jimmie Boyd, aged sixteen, was watching the great Red River raging by at the height of the flood season this spring, watching its innumerable whirlpools and the debris and ice that was floating down, when he saw a collie dog in difficulties some distance from shore.

A great dog lover, Jimmie threw off his coat and boots and plunged into the icy torrent. Gamely he fought his way to the drowning animal as a few scattered onlookers held their breath, and then the ice-cold water and the whirling current overpowered him and swept him away.

The young hero's body has never been found, but Winnipeg honours the memory of a boy who went to almost certain death to save a dog.

INSURING FOR WEATHER Snow Policies

We can insure against almost anything nowadays, but one of the most curious forms of policy is that in force in some parts of America where ski-ing and other winter sports are held.

These depend entirely for their success upon an adequate fall of snow at the right time, otherwise the promoters lose money; and to guard themselves against this, therefore, they take out an insurance policy which provides for the payment of any losses should the snow not come at the right time.

After all, though it seems a curious kind of insurance, it is only the same thing as insuring against the loss of a ship at sea or the loss of a house by fire.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Chimborazo	Chim-bo-rah-zo
Cotopaxi	Ko-to-paks-e
Erebus	Er-e-buss
Helicopter	Hel-e-kop-ter
Pompeii	Pom-pay-ye
Vespucci	Ves-poot-chee

A LOVELY IDEA And Where it Began

It was noted not long ago in the C.N. monthly that Italy had had a lovely idea—the planting of a tree for every man who fell in the war.

A reader of My Magazine in Perth, Western Australia, now tells us that the idea had already been conceived and made actual in that State of the Australian Commonwealth.

In the beautiful King's Park, overlooking the city of Perth, a public demesne over 1000 acres in extent, an Avenue of Honour was planted on the fifth anniversary of the declaration of war—long before the Italian scheme was proposed. Each tree represents a West Australian soldier who fell in the war, and the planting was done by relatives. A permanent plate gives the name of the soldier and of the planter who placed the young tree in its position to his memory. Our correspondent reports that the Avenue of Honour is "coming on well."

It is with pleasure and pride that we hear that this beautiful form of Peace Memorial—the best we know—had its origin in a part of the British Empire.

THE MULE REMAINS Why 400 Men Went on Strike

During the last few years we have been hearing a great deal about strikes of one kind and another, and now word comes of a very interesting case in the mining district of Ohio, U.S.A.

A mine manager decided to move a mule named Jim from one mine to another; but the mule was a great favourite with the men, and they protested. No heed was paid to the protest, and the next morning four hundred miners walked out on strike to show how deeply they felt about what seemed to the executive a trivial matter.

The trouble was finally settled by the mule being allowed to remain.

WORKERS AS SHAREHOLDERS A Great Firm's Example

The great firm of Brunner Mond, which has done so much for the British chemical industry, is making a very interesting experiment by taking its employees into real partnership.

Co-partnership, or giving workers a share in the profits, is usually done by a firm agreeing to set aside a share of the profits made, to be added to wages and salaries at the end of the year. Brunner Mond have preferred to make their workpeople more really partners by giving them the right to subscribe to shares in the company on easy terms.

In this way every worker has the opportunity to become part owner of the works in which he is employed.

LAST YEAR'S SNOW Makes This Year's Floods

Spring floods in both Eastern and Western Canada were particularly troublesome this year, and cost the country millions of dollars.

In spite of the gallant efforts of the railway engineers, some districts were isolated for days, the railway often being submerged for hundreds of yards.

The floods were due to the very heavy snowfall last winter and the rapidity of the thaw, which caused rivers all over the country to overflow their banks.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Ruins of Gwydyr Castle	£3500
A picture carving by Coninxloo	£525
Two engravings after Morland	£472
An inlaid Louis XV cabinet	£292
A Queen Anne flat jug and cover	£184
Old Chinese lacquer cabinet	£122
Elizabethan chalice and paten	£106
Mauritius 1d. orange stamp, 1848	£85

A small drawing of Amerigo Vespucci's discovery of the mainland of America, by Giovanni della Strada, realised £71.

SHAKING HANDS IN THE BALKANS War Clouds Lifted THE TURKS AND THE GREEKS AT PEACE AGAIN

By Our Political Correspondent

The most dangerous of the questions that might possibly have renewed war in the Near East has been settled in a friendly way, for Ismet Pasha and Venizelos have shaken hands at Lausanne over reparations.

The position was that the Turks were seeking money compensation from Greece for the last outbreak of war in Asia Minor, which left the Turks victorious. Greece, as everyone knows, could not pay; but Greece has an army in Western Thrace far more numerous than the Turkish army in Eastern Thrace, and if pressed to desperation it was possible that her impulsiveness might lead her to risk all on an attack on the Turkish army in Europe. That would have had far-reaching consequences of the most dangerous character, and the Allied Powers at the Lausanne Conference warned Greece earnestly against violence.

At last the Turks offered to give up their claim to compensation if Greece would give up Karagatch, the suburb of Adrianople on the western side of the River Maritza, where the railway station for Adrianople is.

The Maritza is the natural boundary between Eastern and Western Thrace, and the Greeks did not wish the Turks to cross the river. On the other hand, the Turks had an incomplete occupation of Adrianople without Karagatch. Finally the Greeks gave way about the possession of Karagatch, and the Turks gave way about money compensation. That hand-shaking between M. Venizelos and Ismet Pasha should be the end of all fears of renewed war in the Balkan peninsula.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 16 1923

Top and Bottom Dogs

SOMEONE has said that our modern society is made up of top dogs and bottom dogs.

That is a short way of saying that there are people at the top of the social scale who have wealth and power, and people at the bottom of the social scale who lack many of the necessities and comforts of life. What we want to do is to increase the number of people who are neither top dogs nor bottom dogs, but have health and happiness based on good work and reasonable recreation.

Those of us who are young today begin life in a world which is fortunately beginning to realise that just because work is a necessary part of life it should be performed under good conditions. It is a bad idea to think of working hours as something apart from life, something subtracted from it. There are only 24 hours in a day, and, as we sleep through about eight of them and work through eight, our working hours should be enjoyable, or we have but eight hours in 24 to live. At that rate of reckoning, if a man reached the age of 64, he would really live for only 22 years.

The true view of life, however, regards work as part of life, and there is no reason why work should not be both happy and healthy. We are glad to see that the Industrial Welfare Society is doing much to spread the idea that the object of industry is not merely to make goods but to build up a healthy people.

Many great firms now devote much money and care to safeguarding the health of their people, an easy thing when the idea is once appreciated. Close to our big towns lie thousands of acres of land which could be utilised as playing grounds for men and women, boys and girls. We notice that a big playground just opened in Sheffield is only 15 minutes' walk from the works of the firm which has opened it. We should like to think that by the time the readers of the C.N. are grown-up every industrial firm will be able to point with pride to a splendid playground where its employees can refresh their physical powers.

Not less important it is to make a factory itself clean, healthy, bright, and safe. That can be done by abolishing smoke, guarding machinery, giving plenty of space in which to move, enlarging window spaces and keeping them clean, and by warming in the winter and ventilating all the year. The spirit of goodwill which underlies these things is rapidly spreading, and it is good to think that not a few of our successful firms are now putting into practice this good gospel of happiness for the workers and joy in the work.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Rain that Follows Him

WHAT a world it is! We seem to have said it before; we hope we shall say it again. This time it is a curious little thing that prompts us.

One of our friends comes to London every day from Cambridgeshire, where he sees the rain fall on the Gog Magog Hills. He takes his bus to Trafalgar Square and sees the fountains playing; and the water that comes from the fountains is the rain that falls on the Gog Magog Hills!

Why read dull newspapers, with a world so entertaining all around us?

The Way the World Goes

WHAT a world it is, we said a minute ago. And truly mad!

We read that a company is to be formed to raise the German ships at Scapa Flow. Who will write the story?

Germany built her fleet to smash the British Fleet.

She dared not use it.

At the last moment she sank it.

Now British workmen are to raise it from the bottom of the sea to break it up.

Verily man goes by strange and winding roads in search of wisdom.

Pasteur Century

It is not a rather dramatic circumstance that France is only now, 28 years after his death, able to set up a monument to Pasteur in the city of Strasbourg, where he laboured? Only now, with France once more in possession of her lost provinces, could she pay this tribute to her greatest son for many generations; and we rejoice that President Millerand, in unveiling the statue, declared that the century in which Pasteur lived deserved to be known as the Pasteur Century.

It cannot be, for there were happily many noble men in this great Hundred Years, but it is good to think of naming epochs after the men who count rather than after kings and wars that in the long run of history count very little if at all.

Chivalry

WE are tired of the weary old whine, now rising up again, that the reason why there are so few good posts open for boys leaving school is that too many people are now educated. That may be true, and yet be no evil.

It would be unjust to limit the advantages of education to a privileged few, and shield them from competition by keeping others ignorant. It is cowardly to wish for that. Such a state of things existed in the crude days when knights wore helmets, breastplates, and steel on their arms and legs, and so could win easy victories over men who could not afford these things. Does anybody want to revive that system of unequal fighting?

Let us all have courage, and ask only a fair field and no favour. Then if we fail we shall fail with the assurance that the winner was the better man.

The Geneva Bus

EDUCATION has a new friend; even the London buses are teaching French. *La sûreté avant tout* is the motto now.

We hope France will join us in believing it. The bus that leads to safety for us all is the Geneva bus, with its stopping-place at the door of the League of Nations.

Tip-Cat

A LECTURER finds that the poets do not always write about fine weather. They haven't always got any to write about.

A SECOND-CENTURY theatre has been unearthed. The demand for more theatres is truly amazing.

WALKING, writes a traveller, is a good way to see the country. Looking isn't a bad way, either.

You are advised to make notes to train the memory. The man next door will never forget if you make them with a cornet.

LONDON is said to contain more ugliness than beauty. Strangers come miles to see the sights.

WHAT Europe wants is more miles of progress to the gallon of excitement.

COLLECTING foreign stamps gives one breadth of vision. To see the prices of some—well, nothing could make you open your eyes wider.

THERE is one telephone for every fifty people in the country. Nine times in ten when we want it the other forty-nine are using it.

WHAT, a contemporary asks, are we to call the prejudice girls have against the cap and apron? A uniform dislike.

WAR, it is said, is becoming more humane. The fighting men will soon be killing one another with kindness.

LONDONERS are said to have forgotten how to laugh. They will remember when they get something to laugh at.

From the Bad Old Days

WE are the heaviest-taxed nation in the world. We were the only European nation which tried to pay its war bill as the war went on and has tried to pay its debts since the fighting stopped.

Is it not hard that such a nation should be burdened with pensions from the bad old days, running on for centuries? We hope the Schomberg pension, referred to on another page this week, will go down before the income tax again goes up.

Where Christianity Was Born

It is a great pleasure to quote these notes from the fine letters Dr. Norman Maclean is sending home from Palestine. They have been published in The Morning Post.

OUT of Nazareth came the dream of a Kingdom, not of this world, the dream that still haunts the fevered nightmare of humanity.

In a little bowl encircled by green hills lies the town where Jesus toiled as a carpenter, and standing amid the chips mused over the ways of men. It was there that, like a lightning flash, there came to Him the thought that God was the Eternal Father, and that if He, shaping rude ploughs in a mean workshop, was a Son of the Eternal, so also were all shepherds and all ploughmen and all street-sweepers.

In that hour He saw all men as the children of one Father, and realised that the true riches lay within.

The Home of Jesus

It is sauntering through Nazareth in the eventide that you suddenly see the home of Jesus. That poor house, lighted by the open door, which is at once workshop, living room, and bedroom, with a mat or two and a few clay pots—there is the home of Jesus. Out of such a home as that came the message that is transforming the world.

The boy Jesus would make His way up the hill at eventide, the day's work done, for men only do the things they learned to love in youth. And He always loved hilltops, and from this height what a view He had—thirty miles, in three directions!

When the sky was clear the sun shimmered on the great sea with its ships laden with the spices and the treasures of the world. The highways of three continents passed the plain; and the mysterious caravans of camels moved on, weaving the nations together, even as they do still.

As He walked what thoughts would germinate in His mind—thoughts of the folly of men waging endless wars, killing and devouring each other, while all the time they are children of One Father, whose heart is so tender that He feeds the sparrow and clothes the lily!

On the Hilltop

If on the Mount Jesus saw a vision of the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, it was because He had seen the same vision on evenings such as this, from the hilltop overlooking Nazareth. If on the hill above Capernaum He spread out His hands in the midst of a travelling world saying, "Blessed are the peace-makers," it was because, brooding on this hilltop, there came to Him the realisation of what madness it is for brothers to be killing each other.

Not Jerusalem, but Nazareth, is the homeland of Christianity. From this hill the green valleys became one vast transparency, through which the invisible flashed on His soul. In that evening, when first the world was thus lit up, Christianity was born.

When you begin to think of things rightly, the ideas of smallness and largeness pass away. JOHN RUSKIN

SKATING ON THE EQUATOR

A FROZEN LAKE IN THE EARTH'S HOT BELT

Striking Contrasts of Heat and Cold

SUNSTROKE AND FROSTBITE ON THE SAME MOUNTAIN

It will soon be possible to go to the Equator for the winter sports of skating and tobogganing.

High up on Mount Kenya, three miles above the sea-level and practically on the Equator itself, is a great frozen lake, and a fine road leading from the foot of the mountain to this lake is now being completed. Travellers before long will be able to go by easy stages to the Alpine regions of the mountain, and there have skating, ski-ing, and tobogganing exactly as they have them in Norway and Switzerland.

Jungle and Icefield

It is expected that the very novelty and apparent contradiction of winter sports on the Equator will attract large numbers of visitors. They will certainly get every possible kind of contrast.

From the coast to the foot of the mountain, which rises over 17,000 feet into the clouds, they will pass through tropical country with the typical jungle of Central Africa. Giraffes, lions, buffaloes, and other wild animals inhabit this country.

Then up the slopes of the mountain are dense forests, where the great African elephant lives, going up the mountain more than a mile in the hot weather to bring up its young.

Still higher, the visitor will come to the Alpine country, covering between three and four hundred square miles, a land of eternal snow and ice, with hot sun and cold air intermingled. Here is a healthy and invigorating climate where man can make the best of both worlds, the world of tropical life and scenery and the world of Arctic rigour.

Glaciers in the Tropics

Mount Kenya is on the Equator, but it has fifteen glaciers—frozen rivers slowly making their way down from the region of eternal ice to the region of eternal sun. It has elephants living in the tropical jungle at its foot; but its peak is clothed in an everlasting mantle of snow. Down below men swelter in a burning sun; at the top they wear furs. It is a land of strange topsy-turvydom.

Of course, other countries show similar contrasts. In La Paz, for instance, the capital of Bolivia, which, though situated well within the tropics, is built high up on the Andes, nearly two and a half miles above the sea, and has a healthy, temperate climate, strange sights are seen in the market-place. There animals from the higher and colder regions, laden with blocks of ice cut from frozen lakes and rivers, meet mules from the plains below heavily laden with oranges and other tropical fruits.

Ice and Hot Springs

A little farther to the north, almost on the Equator, are the great active volcanoes of Chimborazo and Cotopaxi, each nearly four miles high. They are covered with perpetual snow, the thermometer registering many degrees of frost, and yet they pour out fire.

Perhaps this is not so strange as the fact that high up on Mount Everest, amid eternal snows, where the British explorers were recently frostbitten and one lost his fingers, they had to take the greatest precautions against sunstroke!

The frozen Antarctic has its mountain of fire, Erebus, and cold Iceland its many boiling springs, in the waters of which the women of this inhospitable land wash their clothes. Yet Polar bears often float across to Iceland on icebergs, and glaciers cover its highlands.

It is indeed a world of strange contrasts in which we live, and the fact is emphasised by the winter sports of equatorial Kenya. See World Map

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

During the last ten years John D. Rockefeller, the American millionaire, has given away in charity £15,000,000.

A Seattle office building has its roof equipped as parking space for motor-cars. Over a hundred are thus accommodated.

New Arabian Stamps

Koweit, at the head of the Persian Gulf, has now its own stamps. They are the stamps of India with the name of the Sultanate of Koweit printed across them.

Extraordinary Emigration

Two hundred Danish families are going to Nicaragua, Central America, this month, and arrangements are being made to settle hundreds, and perhaps thousands, more.

How the Millions Go

The Bishop of Chelmsford pointed out the other day that last year all that church and chapel together could scrape up for missionary work was £3,000,000; yet £352,000,000 was spent in drink and £150,000,000 on tobacco.

A quarter of a million people are now directly employed by the United States Mail Service.

Huge motor trucks and powerful tractors are fast replacing horses in lumbering operations in America.

Prohibition in India

Bhopal, an Indian State covering six thousand square miles, with over a million inhabitants, has been put under Prohibition.

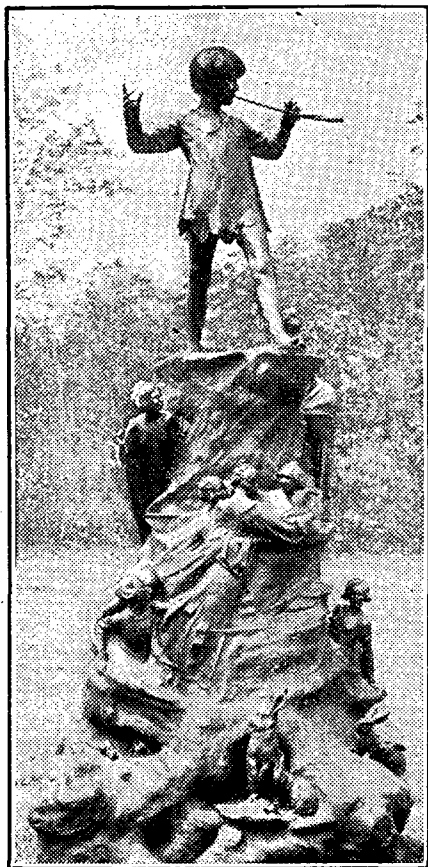
A Peasant Prime Minister

Mr. Abraham Berge, the new Prime Minister of Norway, was born into a peasant family. His Premiership is generally approved. His age is 72.

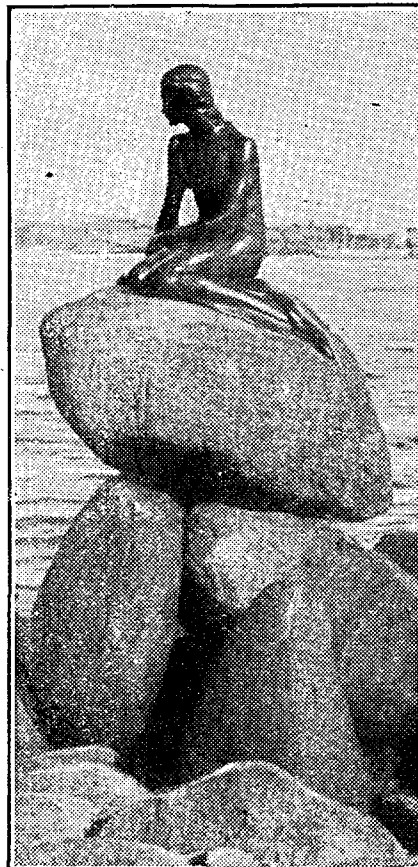
Digging Up the Past

There is now keen national competition in the digging up of antiquities. France has been granted a monopoly of this honourable research in Afghanistan, and two French excavators have started work on the site of old Kabul, outside the present city.

PETER PAN AND HIS SISTER



Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens



Peter Pan's Sister at Copenhagen

A C.N. reader has sent us a photograph of the beautiful statue of the Little Mermaid of Hans Andersen's fairy tale, which stands on the promenade at Copenhagen; and he very happily calls this Peter Pan's sister. We are very pleased to publish the picture here, together with Peter Pan of Kensington Gardens

A NEW KIND OF WATER

SIR JOSEPH THOMSON, who, in his laboratory at Cambridge University, weighs atoms and tracks the flight of electric particles moving a million miles a minute, has just been telling his scientific brethren of a new kind of water.

It might not even be liquid water, though it would not be like ice; and probably it would be very hard. Ordinary water is riddled with air, or oxygen, which "honeycombs" it. If it were possible to get all this oxygen from between the particles of water, the water might be nearly as hard as iron!

What Sir Joseph Thomson means by "a different kind of water" can only be understood by thinking what these particles of water are. They are the molecules of water—the smallest particles of it that can stand alone.

Now, as every schoolboy knows, these particles, or molecules, of water are made up of the two gases—hydrogen and oxygen, in combination. There are two particles of hydrogen joined with one particle of oxygen, so that when chemists

want to denote the composition of water they write it down as H₂O.

When they picture water in this way, they imagine that the atoms of hydrogen stand like sentinels on each side of the atom of oxygen, thus H₂O.H. But if they do that, something ought to happen when light passes through water, and it does not happen. Light ought to pass through water as readily in one direction as in any other direction. But, as a matter of experiment, it does not.

Therefore scientific men have to suppose that the hydrogen atoms are placed about the oxygen atoms in a twisted or curved sort of way.

But Sir Joseph Thomson now thinks it may be possible to construct in the laboratory the other kind of water, in which the light would go through it equally well in all directions. If this is possible, then the new kind of water will be, to the old kind which we drink, as a diamond to a lump of charcoal. Both the diamond and the charcoal are carbon, but are different forms of it.

AMUNDSEN'S GREAT FLIGHT

CONQUERING THE POLE BY AIR

The Long Chain of Bonfires in the Arctic

A BRAVE ADVENTURE

Only a few days hence, if all goes well, the conquest of the North Pole by air will begin. About June 20, in the middle of the six months' Arctic day, Captain Roald Amundsen and his daring pilot, Omdahi, intend to set out from Wainwright, a lonely hamlet on the northern tip of Alaska, in their long flight across the Polar wastes to the Pole, and thence on and on, over ice and sea, to Spitsbergen.

It is two thousand miles, and Amundsen and his companion hope to do it in twenty-two hours. A flight in a straight line from Wainwright to Spitsbergen will carry them directly over the Pole, and from his dizzy height the explorer hopes to observe and record on a map the features of this unknown area, if features there be in the vast expanse of ice in the Polar zone.

An Unbroken Flight

In the long Polar day he will be free from the danger of darkness, and may steer an unbroken flight. Should he be compelled to land, he knows from the records of Peary that the icefield about the Pole is comparatively smooth and unbroken, and he hopes to surmount any trouble that may bring him down.

A complete breakdown of his engine might leave him stranded helpless on the ice a thousand miles from civilisation and with a limited store of food, but it is considered that the greatest danger of engine trouble lies in the long passage after the Pole has been passed to Spitsbergen, and steps are being taken to guard against such peril.

As beacons flaming from point to point bore the message of the fall of Troy, and our British headlands flamed with warning when the hostile Armada approached our shores, so the news of Amundsen's start will be broadcast by bonfires lighted by Eskimos at points fifteen miles apart. Two Eskimos will attend each fire, and as soon as they see the smoke signal from a fire that will be started the moment Amundsen sets out, they will set their own fires ablaze.

Helping the Airmen

So the news will be relayed from point to point to the wireless station at Noorvik, 400 miles away on the Kobuk River, near Kotzebue Sound, and the world will get the news within an hour. Then, from Spitzbergen, a patrol ship and two aeroplanes will make their way at once to the edge of the ice where the ship will cruise about while the aeroplanes continue their journey toward the Pole to render the airmen help, if necessary, or to escort them home triumphantly if the dangers of their risky journey are happily surmounted.

It is a brave adventure, even if the scientific results do not promise to be great. We may, however, learn of unknown islands in the Arctic Sea that covers the top of the Earth.

POETS ON THE GRAMOPHONE

The Voices of Tennyson and Browning

It came out at a lecture on literature given in Johannesburg the other day that there is in existence a gramophone record consisting of two lines from the "Charge of the Light Brigade" recited by Lord Tennyson himself. It is to be given to the British Museum. There is also a record of Browning's voice.

FLIMSY HOUSES SOUND HOMES WANTED FOR THE PEOPLE

Places that are Bad to Live in
and to Look At

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST

By an Architectural Correspondent

Since the days of the war, owing to the very high cost of building, thousands of small houses have been built of unsound and flimsy materials, and many of them are proving to be most unhappy and unhealthy homes for the people whose unfortunate lot it is to live in them.

A bad house is bad in two ways. In the first place, it is bad for its occupants because it is uncomfortable and a cause of illness.

In the second place, it is bad for those who merely look at it, because the outside of a house is part of the landscape, and if it is ugly or unsuitable it becomes a blot upon the fair picture made by Nature.

Bad Bargains

A good house, suitably and simply built of good materials, is as much an artistic addition to the picture of life as a bird's nest is to a tree; but many of the structures put up in recent years spoil some of the most beautiful scenery in the country.

There are many lovely sites in the countryside near London that have been disfigured by the building of ramshackle cottages and bungalows which will prove to be very bad bargains.

It is to be hoped that such rubbish building has come to an end. Before the war we used to denounce as jerry-building the kind of construction put up by builders whose business it was to build cheaply and make as much money as possible by selling as quickly as they had built. Unfortunately, since the war we have allowed to be put up, often, perhaps, because we could hardly help it, houses so flimsy and unstable that this old jerry-building was splendid by comparison.

Homes for the Future

All sorts of unworthy substitutes for good materials have been built up to look something like houses, and such "homes" are damp and mildewed even while they are new. It is deplorable to think what some of them will become when the weather has worked on them for a few years.

It is always true that the best is the cheapest, but in building we simply cannot afford to use any other materials but the best, or any other workmanship but the most skilful and thorough.

The reason for this is that houses have to do duty for a considerable period, whereas clothes and many other articles are of temporary use. If we happen to get a poor piece of cloth it is bad enough, but it matters only for a short period, whereas, in the case of a house, we are making a structure to be inhabited for many years.

Build Soundly

If the foundations are not good the walls will crack. If there is not a good damp-course the damp will rise in the walls. If the walls are not built double, or coated thickly with cement, the rain will penetrate them. If the wood is not seasoned the doors, windows, and floors will give never-ending trouble. If the chimneys are not thoughtfully built, with good stoves, there will be waste of fuel and rooms full of smoke.

In brief, it is a case in which the best is not too good and in which only the best can save continual expense in makeshift repairs; and the way to save money in building is to build soundly. No other sort of building should be allowed by the Ministry of Health.

CHIEF SCOUT'S COLUMN

THE FUN OF BEING A
CLOWN

How to Turn a Neat
Somersault

LORD JELLCOE'S CLEVER FEAT.

By Sir Robert Baden-Powell

Have you ever been a clown?

I have, and it's jolly good fun, I can tell you, though it wants a lot of serious practice if you are going to be a success.

By clowning, I mean the art of tumbling coupled with funniness and enjoyment of it.

Anyone can run and turn a cartwheel with a frown on and with some exertion, but the fellow who dashes at it with evident delight, with "Isn't this jolly?" or some such remark, instantly puts his audience in a laughing humour.

The first thing to learn is to be clever, quick, and neat at your different "stunts." The funniness should only be added after you have mastered the art of tumbling; and this takes a lot of practice before you are really good at it.

Wolf Cubs Make Good Tumblers

Practices should be short and frequent. Begin with easy steps, and gradually work up to more difficult ones.

Of course, every tumbler needs to be able to roll head over heels neatly and quickly. It should be done mainly on the hands and back of the shoulders—not on the top of the head. In fact, as you get good and quick at it your head hardly touches the ground at all. You need a mat or a mattress to learn on.

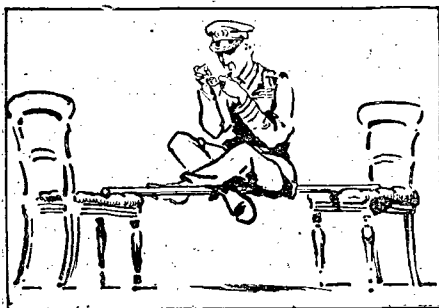
In the Wolf Cubs, one of the tests for the first star is to be able to turn a neat somersault; and some of the best tumblers I know are Wolf Cubs. So, you see, you need not think you are too young to learn clowning. The sooner you begin the more easily it will come to you. The great thing is always to do it with a smile on your face.

When you are good at the roll-over, and can do it quickly and come up smiling at the finish, the next thing is to learn to stand on your head, then to walk the tight-rope and do other feats.

Walking the Tight-rope

In walking the tight-rope, begin with your rope down near the ground, and, as you gain confidence, raise it foot by foot till you will soon be performing at quite a height. With a little practice you will not be content merely to walk along, but will dance or do it at a run, turn round on the rope, and even pretend to fall.

Lord Jellicoe, the Governor of New Zealand, can do a wonderful balancing



The Chief Scout's drawing of Lord Jellicoe

feat; he can sit crosslegged on a Scout's ordinary staff laid across two chairs.

It is a common trick in circuses to miss the first attempt or two, to make the audience think it extraordinarily difficult; and they will applaud accordingly.

As a clown, of course, you make appallingly bad shots at it, and then in the end do the trick smartly and well. The more you talk about it to yourself and appear to enjoy it, the more amusing it will be to the audience. But don't try to be funny before you are a perfect master of all your tumbling and balancing feats, or you will be laughed at instead of being laughed with.

A CHALLENGE

Story of 1914 Just Told
THE BRITISH WAY

Early in 1914 a German party in New Guinea set out to trace the borders between the German and British territories. It will be remembered that this great island was divided between the two nations.

The German party was over 200 in number, under an officer called Detzner. Not knowing that war had broken out, they crossed over the boundary in October of that eventful year. But the English residents had learned about the war; and a small party of three police, under an officer named Chisholm, and three miners with five carriers, advanced to meet them.

Looking down from the summit of a hill, the tiny force of Australians and Papuans saw the German camp covering the plain below. What were they to do? Some said "Open fire!" Others thought that this was unsportsmanlike. At last they decided to tell the German commander that there was war between the two nations and to challenge him to fight.

A Dash Across the Frontier

A Papuan policeman carried this strange challenge. Detzner, the German commander, read the letter; but he did not guess how few his enemies were. So he and his party made a dash across the frontiers back into the German territory. In course of time the Australians captured the German capital; but Detzner escaped into the bush, and remained out till the bitter end.

It is a pleasant thing to remember that this little company of Australians and Papuans did the chivalrous thing, and refused to attack the Germans till they had sent them the challenge. It is the sort of action which makes us proud of our people.

This story is told by the Lieutenant-Governor of Papua in the opening of a fine book of adventures—*Patrolling in Papua*—written by one of his officers.

BRITISH CITIZENS FOR AMERICA

The Exodus from the
Hebrides

From the bare and stony Outer Hebrides hundreds of young people are going to Canada this spring, and a similar exodus is to be seen from Southern and Western Ireland to the United States.

Much might be said about this movement of the youth of rural districts if we give way to sentiment, but the facts are the best foundation for correct thinking, and the main facts about the Hebrides are that in recent years emigration has so slowed down that congestion has now begun in the wilds, and these thinly-soiled lands in the western ocean do not provide reasonably for the manhood and the womanhood they grow.

The customary island activities will not feed and clothe the coming generation as it expects to be fed and clothed, and new occupations cannot be grafted on the old occupations. Tradition is against it. And so, as it has been ever since the beginnings of mankind, the young and sturdy go forth to find a fresh place for themselves in the world.

That adventure does not seem so great as it did ten years ago, for much of the manhood of the Western Isles has seen or heard a good deal of the world. The young manhood has travelled to the wars, and has glimpsed a wider experience than home can give. So it sets out hopefully for the great plains of the Farther West, and always it has in mind the fact that Scotland has taken the leading part, for its size, in peopling the younger lands, and has won the largest measure of success.

So, though Gaelic laments are sad, hope is a sufficient sustainer, as each new exodus takes place.

MAKING AN ISLAND GROW

INCREASING THE SIZE
OF BOMBAY

How an Indian Housing Problem
is Being Solved

THE FIGHT WITH THE MONSOON

Bombay, which disputes with Calcutta the proud position of being the largest city in India, is built on an island, the whole available extent of which is practically taken up.

The population has been steadily increasing, and the problem of housing has caused serious anxiety for some years. The European quarter has also been expanding and encroaching on that occupied by the native population, where congestion is yearly increasing.

The island is wedge-shaped, and narrows to a point at the southern extremity known as Colaba Point. On the western side is a shallow curved bay, called Back Bay, and the island is here from one mile to two miles wide.

For a long time it has been thought possible to reclaim the foreshore in Back Bay and make it available for building purposes. It would be a simple operation but for the fact that for three months of the year the bay is exposed to the full force of the south-western monsoon, which washed away the beginnings of the first breakwater. It is impossible to complete the dam between two monsoons, and the problem is to construct during the nine months when the sea is calm a portion which will stand against the heavy seas encountered during the other three.

Building the Big Breakwater

The Bombay Government have now the work in hand, and the scheme promises to be successful.

Briefly the idea is to start from one end of the bay, build a portion of the breakwater out to sea, and connect it to the shore by another at right angles.

A pier on wooden piles is first constructed, on top of which runs a double line of railway. Special tipping trucks then run along the rails and tip out blocks of concrete on either side, thus forming eventually a double row of concrete blocks. The space in between is then filled up so as to form a solid pier, the end of which is connected to the shore. The area thus formed is filled up with mud which is pumped across the island from the harbour on the eastern side, where dredging and excavation is going on to extend the docks.

Thus, piece by piece, new land will be formed, and a large area added to the island, which will be laid out with roads and sold in plots for shops, hotels, offices, and private buildings.

BEDTIME OF THE MOTOR BUS

What Happens

Some interesting details of the life of a motor-bus have been given by the chief engineer of the London General Omnibus Company.

When a bus has completed its day's work it is taken to the garage, filled with petrol, and swept out. It is next run on to a special washing machine, and here it is completely washed before being taken to the night depot.

During the night a new staff of men gets to work on it; the windows are cleaned, the brass polished, and any necessary cleaning done. A special staff examines all parts of the chassis and the steering apparatus, and, if any defect of a mechanical kind is discovered, the bus is taken off service and sent to a central depot to be overhauled.

One bus in every twenty is "kept in" every day so that it may receive a still more thorough inspection.

June 16, 1923

The Children's Newspaper

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THE WEEK IN GEOGRAPHY

NAPLES

THE CITY BY THE SIDE OF A VOLCANO

There is only one country in continental Europe where today we may see a volcano in its active state, throwing out smoke and lava. That country is Italy, which has two volcanoes occasionally active and one constantly busy.

The two that slumber for a while and then seem to dream and stir restlessly are Etna, 10,700 feet, in Sicily; and Vesuvius, 4000 feet, near Naples. Stromboli, 3000 feet, in the Lipari Islands, is never quiet for long.

All these volcanoes have been in a restless state lately—we do not know why—and Vesuvius has been throwing up a bigger and bigger cone of lava and dusty refuse. When Vesuvius becomes busy in this way Naples watches. Indeed, in Naples one always has a feeling that Vesuvius is close by, an uneasy neighbour. It has a grim history of deadly destruction; and who knows what may happen again?

An Important Seaport.

Naples is the only large city that has such a doubtful mountain neighbour so near. It is the most populous city in Italy—780,000 people—and the second most important seaport, being only slightly behind Genoa in its shipping tonnage. It also has varied manufactures in shipping and railway materials and in cotton, wool, linen, and silk.

To travellers Naples appeals by its fine situation. It stands on a bay, shaped like a sickle, that sweeps round for 35 miles from seaward end to seaward end, and is backed by the double-headed mass of Vesuvius. At the mouth of the bay are beautiful rocky islands, the most romantic being Capri, which once was occupied by an English garrison.

The city itself is built along the shore and rises inland up a steep hill climbed by quaint, narrow streets, some of which ascend by steps. The summit of the hill is crowned by the castle of St. Elmo, at one time a famous fortress, and now a military prison.

Relics of Pompeii

No city in Europe is more crowded. There is a strong feeling of strangeness in its lofty, flat-topped houses flanking narrow streets and open on the ground storey, so that at night the passer-by can see all that goes on in the home—the father working at his trade, the mother ironing, the children lying in their beds, just as if they were living in public.

Naples, too, is a great museum of the distant past. Its National Museum has a large part of the relics of the buried city of Pompeii, destroyed by Vesuvius when Rome was at the height of her glory. All kinds of household things have been unearthed from beneath a thick bed of lava and volcanic dust and brought to Naples so that the world may see how the people of Pompeii were living when destruction suddenly fell upon them from the burning mountain.

City with a History

Naples itself has a long history. Originally, like many other cities on the Mediterranean coast, it was founded by the Greeks. When it was rebuilt, after having been destroyed in war, it was named Neapolis, or New Town, and its Italian name is now Napoli.

Before the union of all Italy, within the memory of living people, it was the capital of Southern Italy and the Island of Sicily—a kingdom known as the Two Sicilies, and it was very badly governed.

In some respects the part of Southern Italy that looks to Naples as its representative city is not so advanced as Northern Italy; but much progress has been made in recent years, and the University of Naples is the largest in Italy and one of the largest in Europe. In 1921 it had 9965 students, or 3000 more than Rome. So it is a beautiful place, haunted by thoughts of the past, but going forward to a vigorous future.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards; one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all questions sent in.

What is a Heavy-topped Horse?

A horse is spoken of as heavy-topped when his neck and shoulders are out of proportion to the rest of his body.

Where is Canberra?

The site for the Australian Commonwealth capital is in the middle of Murray County, New South Wales, and the Murrumbidgee River flows through it.

Which is the Longer Tunnel, the St. Gothard or the Simplon?

The Simplon, opened in 1905, for it is twelve and a half miles long, whereas the St. Gothard, opened in 1881, is only nine and a third miles long.

When Do Tadpoles Change into Frogs?
Tadpoles are full grown and acquire their forefeet about the middle of June. Then they rapidly become frogs, and come on land about the first week in July.

Why Does the Light of the Sun Affect the Brightness of Fires?

It does not, but only appears to do so. The fire, or any light, appears dull in bright sunshine, just as the Moon, when seen by day, is faint in the bright daylight.

How Long Would it Take to Count a Billion?

If we take an English billion, which is a million millions, it would take over 31,678 years, counting one a second; that is if the counting went on every second of every day of every year without a moment's break.

How are Bridge Piers Built in Deep Rivers?

Generally caissons are sunk, that is large hollow cylinders which sink into the river bed by their weight and are added to at the top as they sink. The water is pumped out and the caisson filled with concrete.

How Can a Rosebush be Cleared of Greenflies?

An ounce of washing soda dissolved in a gallon of water heated up to 150 degrees, or a decoction of quassia made by soaking a handful of quassia chips in a gallon of water, should be sprayed all over the bush.

What is the Sun Made Of?

By means of the spectroscopic, which breaks up light and shows on the spectrum different lines for different elements, we know that the Sun must be made of the same materials as the Earth. Helium was detected on the Sun nearly 30 years before it was found on the Earth.

How is the Weight of a Large Ship Known?

The weight of a vessel is equal to the amount of water it displaces as it floats. The quantity of water is calculated from the known cubic capacity of that part of the ship actually in the water, and then the weight of the water can be worked out from the weight of a single cubic foot of water.

How do the Greenfinch and Hen Chaffinch Differ?

The male greenfinch is yellowish green, variegated with yellow and ash-grey, and the rather massive beak is flesh-coloured. The female is rather smaller and browner. The hen chaffinch has a buffish-brown back and crown, and the under parts are buffish-grey. The bill is lead colour.

Would a Helicopter That Stayed Up All Day Descend on the Place it Left?

The suggestion evidently is that the Earth having turned round during the time the helicopter would be left behind; but, of course, the air and everything within reach of the Earth's pull, or gravitation, is part of the Earth, and turns with it. Therefore the helicopter would remain over the same spot and come down there when it descended.

What is Glass Made Of?

Different kinds of glass are made of different materials. Flint, or crystal glass, is composed of potash, silica, and oxide of lead; window and plate glass are made of soda, silica, and lime; Bohemian glass is made of potash, silica, and lime; and bottle, or common, glass is composed of soda, silica, and lime, with small quantities of potash, soda, iron, manganese, and baryta. The greenish colour is due to the iron. In all glass the fusion of silicious and alkaline materials is necessary.

Why are Soldiers and Sailors Nicknamed Tommy Atkins and Jack Tar?

Dr. Brewer says Thomas Atkins was the imaginary name used by the War Office as an example of how to fill up the forms in a little pocket ledger at one time served out to all soldiers. The name was transferred as a nickname to the soldiers. Jack Tar originated long ago as a nickname for sailors, whose hands and clothes were generally soiled by tar. Jack was used because it was the most familiar of all English names.

How Do We Get Colza Oil?

It is extracted from rape and other members of the cabbage family. The refuse is made into oilcake for cattle.

In What Way Do the Male and Female Wood Pigeon Differ?

The female is smaller and slightly duller in plumage than the male bird.

What Should Young Canaries be Fed on When First Hatched?

Egg food consisting of the yolk of a hard-boiled egg left till it is cold, minced finely, and mixed with twice its bulk of breadcrumbs or powdered biscuit.

Does the Canadian Frog Whistle?

The bull-frog of North America does not whistle, but its croaking is louder than that of other species and can be heard for miles. It is loudest in the breeding season.

What is Greasy Leg, and Does it Cause Pain?

Greasy leg is a swelling and inflammation in a horse's pasterns, or heels, with the secretion of oily matter, and there is no doubt that the animal suffers great pain.

How Many Hymns Did Charles Wesley Write?

He is said to have written 6500, and it is regarded as marvellous that such a large number of these rise to the highest degree of excellence as hymns.

What is the Origin of Whitsuntide?

It celebrates the beginning of the Christian Church as described in the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, but it probably followed on some great pagan festival held at about the same time of the year.

Is the Supply of Oxygen in the Air Less in Winter than in the Summer?

Yes, owing to more being used up by burning fires and less being given out by plants; but the difference compared with the whole volume of air is infinitesimal and does not affect our breathing.

In What State are the Pupils of the Eyes During Sleep?

The deeper the sleep the smaller are the pupils, and in the deepest sleep they cannot be made to contract on exposure to light. Their exact position varies in different people and at different times.

What are Similes and Metaphors?

A simile is a comparison, thus "Deep as the sea," and is a very ancient form of speech. A metaphor is the application of a name, or term, to a person or object which is not true in a literal sense, thus, "He was a very thunderbolt of war."

Does a Horse Have Corns?

Yes; but these are not the horny growths seen on the legs, which are called chestnuts, or castors, and are a kind of wart. Corns form on the foot, that is the part the horse treads on, and are due to fast work on hard roads or to careless shoeing.

How Fast Does Light Travel?

Light travels about 186,500 miles a second. Different experiments to discover the speed of light give slightly different results varying between 185,177 miles a second and 186,500 miles a second. The latter figure is the one usually obtained.

What Do S.O.S and C.Q.D. Mean?

S.O.S. are the letters sent out by wireless by ships at sea when in distress. These letters are easily sent, and cannot be mistaken for any others. The words fitted to the initials are Save Our Souls or Send Out Succour. C.Q.D. is an earlier signal, and has been taken to mean Come Quick, Danger.

Are a Ducking-Stool and a Cucking-Stool the Same?

Not necessarily. A cucking-stool was a chair in which an offender, such as a brawling woman or a dishonest baker, was placed to be jeered at by the mob. A ducking-stool was a chair in which the brawler was fastened and then ducked in the pond or river. Sometimes the cucking-stool was used as a ducking-stool.

Can We Draw a Square Two Square Feet in Area?—A Correction

Although we cannot work out the square root of two to finality it is possible to draw a square two square feet in area as accurately as any other square. There are several ways of doing this, but perhaps the simplest is to draw two lines intersecting one another at right angles and then to measure off from the point of intersection one foot in each direction and to join up these points by four straight lines. The result is a square two square feet in area. The accuracy depends, as in all drawn squares, on the accuracy of the tools used and the skill of the operator.

SATURN APPROACHES

THE MOON

HEAT THAT GOES OFF INTO SPACE

A World Still Young and a World Grown Old

PLANET LIGHTER THAN WATER

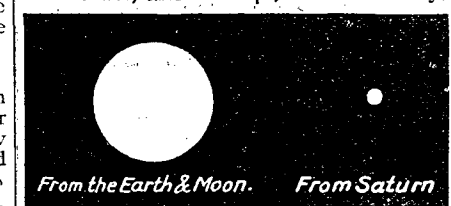
By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Next Friday, June 22, Saturn and the Moon will be seen very close together in the evening sky, only about one-fourth of the Moon's apparent width dividing them at 9.30 p.m.

Saturn will then be just above the Moon; but not till an hour later will he be seen easily, and by that time he will be a little more than the Moon's width away, above, and to the right of her.

A small astronomical telescope will show Saturn's globe, his rings, and his greatest satellite Titan, together with the lunar mountains and craters.

Observers will thus be able to compare the Moon, a world old, almost perished, shrunken into a dried-up, solid crust, and but 240,000 miles away,



The Sun as seen from the Earth and from Saturn with a world 830 million miles from us at present, and still in a comparatively youthful period of its existence.

This does not mean that Saturn came into existence long after the Moon; most probably it was a planetary mass long before our satellite was formed; but the Moon, being smaller, expended its energy more quickly, and therefore grew old much sooner.

Smaller bodies expose more of their surface to outer space in proportion to their size than large ones, and so radiate a larger proportion of their heat, which represents molecular energy, into space.

Therefore, the Sun, though the parent of all the other bodies of the Solar System, is still the most youthful because he is by far the largest, the planets being each in a more advanced state of evolution as they get smaller.

Our Heavy World

Saturn is a globe 74,000 miles in diameter, compared with the Moon's 2000. But a considerable portion of Saturn is composed of gas and clouds, the heavy, more or less solid material being probably several thousand miles below the cloud envelope, which is all we see.

If this immense world were composed of material of the same weight all through it would be no heavier than wood and would float on water, for, as a whole, Saturn is lighter than water, and just over seven-tenths of the weight of a globe of water the same size.

Now, the Moon is three and a half times as heavy, and our world five and a half times as heavy, as a globe of water the same size would be; our Earth is the heaviest world for its size of any in the Solar System, including the Sun.

Heat Energy and Light Energy

Though these two worlds, Saturn and the Moon, have expended their heat energy to such different degrees, their light energy, being in each case borrowed from the Sun, is not affected in the same way. But the light from the Sun that reaches us by way of the Moon is much more intense, having taken but little over eight minutes to get here; whereas the sunlight that reaches us by way of Saturn took two hours and thirty-four minutes to get here.

The Moon, owing to her comparative nearness to the Sun, receives much more light over an equal area than Saturn.

Our diagram shows how much larger the Sun appears from the Moon and Earth than he does from Saturn. G. F. M.

THE HEIR OF A HUNDRED KINGS

The Strange Adventures of a Schoolboy in Africa

What Has Happened Before

A brief synopsis of the early chapters appeared in last week's issue.

CHAPTER 22

Achmet Apologises

"UNCLE JAMES is jolly fine!" Roger thought. "He's as cool as a cucumber."

Mr. Paradine, indeed, though not a soldier, showed in this emergency that quick eye for a situation which is one of the truest marks of generalship. And he was not flustered.

"Keep well under cover," he said. "Their guns are old, and I don't think they are great marksmen. If they don't come close enough to rush us, I fancy I'll find a means of dealing with them."

The Basé were still hidden by the grass. But it had been beaten down in the middle by the passage of the caravan. If the enemy pressed the attack they would have very little cover.

Some few minutes passed. Behind the barricade Mr. Paradine kept a close watch on the Basé. Roger was on his left; Achmet on his right. All was silent; there was no sign of movement.

Presently the watchers detected, by the swaying of the long grass, an attempt on the part of the enemy to draw nearer. The movement ceased at a distance of about two hundred yards.

"Look out!" said Mr. Paradine.

Another irregular fusillade burst from the midst of the grass. The bullets knocked chips off the barricade and the rocky wall on either side, but no one was hit.

The Basé crept still closer. No doubt they had taken heart from the complete silence of the defenders. And now one or two of them were faintly visible through the grassy screen.

"They're getting bolder," said Mr. Paradine. "I fancy I saw a head on the right there, against the wall. Isn't that another near the middle? If I were quite sure, I'd give them a fright."

Without a word Achmet rose to his full height and peered over the parapet. A scattered volley broke from the hidden enemy.

"Get down!" cried Mr. Paradine angrily. "Get down at once, I say!"

Achmet appeared not to have heard. For a few moments, standing in full view of the enemy, he continued to search the grass with his keen eyes. Again came the whizz of bullets and sharp cracks as they struck upon the barricade. Then the youth lowered himself slowly and said:

"Yes, sir. There is a man in the grass straight in front of us, and another to the right, crouching behind a rock against the wall."

"Why, Achmet, you're hit!" cried Roger. "There's a streak of blood on your neck."

Achmet put up his hand and touched his neck. When he withdrew it it was slightly smeared with red.

"It is nothing," he said quietly. "Nothing or not," said Mr. Paradine, "if you show yourself again I will send you off to join the camels."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Achmet, with his usual gravity.

Roger looked at his friend admiringly.

"He's no funk, at any rate," he thought.

CHAPTER 23

Closing In

MR. PARADINE had not removed his eye from the loophole near the top of the barricade through which he had been watching the enemy.

"They are getting too close," he said, after a minute or two. "It's

: : Told by
Herbert Strang

time to shock them. Roger, there's a little hole in the barricade about eighteen inches from the ground. Enlarge it, quickly."

Roger stooped and scraped away with his knife.

"It's done, Uncle," he said. "Now take my place. Tell me what happens."

He lay flat upon the ground, thrust his rifle into the enlarged hole, took careful aim, and fired at the man near the rock. Roger looked eagerly for the effect of the shot.

"The man has wriggled away out of sight," he said. "I'm afraid you missed."

"I've an idea I have spoiled his turban," said Mr. Paradine, smiling. "Now for the other."

Slightly altering his position he covered the second man with the same deliberate aim. It seemed an age to Roger before he heard the crack of the rifle. His eye was glued to the peephole.

He uttered a low laugh. "Scuppered," he said.

He had seen the Basé spring up like a Jack-in-the-box, drop his gun, and disappear into the long grass behind him.

"He isn't hurt," said Mr. Paradine. "But I think he, too, will have to get a new turban."

"You're a wonderful shot, James," said Dr. Paradine, who had remained silently, and somewhat glumly, grasping his umbrella. "I hope and trust that the lesson will not be lost on the men. They will surely recognise that we have spared their lives."

"We shall see," said Mr. Paradine. "They don't deserve any mercy, you know."

Meanwhile, the Basé, hitherto so silent, had broken out into excited chatter. Not one of them was to be seen, but their voices grew louder and louder.

Roger saw a smile steal across Achmet's usually grave face.

"They are talking about their turbans, sir," he said. "The two men appear to have taken them off, and are showing the others two black holes in them. I heard one ask another if there is any mark on his hair. They are rather impressed."

The voices ceased. "Have they gone?" asked Dr. Paradine.

"No, I am sorry to say," answered his brother. "It's a pity. They know by this time that if we didn't reply to their fire before it wasn't from want of capacity to shoot straight. But they haven't budged. I can't see them, but the grass stirs now and then. It looks as though they mean to sit tight until it's dark, and then storm the barricade."

"Dear me! That is very terrible. Darkness will give them a great advantage."

"Well, we have still a couple of hours. If they haven't cleared off by half-past five I shall have to frighten them again. Meanwhile, let us have something to eat and drink. This is thirsty work. Yakoub, run down and help Ali to bring us a meal."

It was some time before the men returned, Yakoub carrying a teapot, metal cups, and a sliced lemon; Ali staggering under a tray spread with various dishes, containing rice, biscuits, tinned meat and preserved fruits.

"What have you been about?" Mr. Paradine demanded. "You had no cooking to do."

"With respect, sir," said Ali, "this fathead not got a baby idea how to make tea. I say, 'hot the pot.' He say 'pot is hot'."

"Just like an infant's reading book! I don't want to hear any more. And don't call your fellow-servant names."

The two Orientals scowled at each other. They dared not break the peace in their masters' presence,

but their eyes threatened a "scrap" by-and-by.

The afternoon dragged itself out. Every now and then sounds came from the direction of the enemy, but none of them showed himself. It was tedious to keep unrelenting watch upon them, but the defenders dared not leave their posts.

Fortunately, as the sun went down the air in the narrow gorge became cooler, and the refreshing breeze blew more briskly from the hills beyond.

Five o'clock came. "Still there!" said Mr. Paradine. "Ah well! They must have it. Yakoub, go back to the valley. You and the others cut down some of the dry grass there, and twist it up into bundles—say half a dozen. Bind them close enough to burn well, but not too freely. I want some torches."

In a quarter of an hour Yakoub returned with six neatly bound bundles of hay.

"That's well," said Mr. Paradine. "Lay them on the ground. Now, you two young fellows, stand ready with a box of matches each. D'you know anything of English history, Achmet?"

"I have read of your fireships, sir," said Achmet.

"Roger has forgotten all about them, I dare say," said Mr. Paradine, smiling. "Well, we'll see if fire acts on the Basé as it acted on the Spaniards at the time of the Armada. Another ten minutes; then—"

CHAPTER 24

Fire and Sword

THE sun had gone down behind the western wall of the gorge. Mr. Paradine, watch in hand, stood patiently at his peephole in the barricade.

"Half-past," he said, snapping his watchcase together. "Now

THE GREAT DAY IN 100,000 HOMES

June 15—My Magazine is Out.



This is a time-table of the day when My Magazine, Mother of the C.N., comes home.

- 9 a.m. Grandpa finds it on the breakfast-table and skims it over for two hours.
11. Auntie opens it and keeps it till lunch.
- 2 p.m. Grandma finds it, and cannot sleep.
3. "Admirable for the kiddies," says uncle, and peeps at it for two hours.
5. Mother looks through it and lets the tea get cold.
6. Kitty picks it up, and is happy, when—father comes. "Ah! My Magazine! Children, lessons!" He reads till eight.
8. Tommy and Kitty: "Daddie, do you know that is our magazine?"

Daddie: "Too late now, children. It would keep you awake all night."

Tommy and Kitty get up early next morning, quietly abstract it from under Daddie's pillow, and are perfectly happy at last.

then, light your torches, and fling them as far as you can into the grass yonder."

Roger and Achmet each lit a torch at the same instant. Roger was the first to throw, as if he were throwing a cricket-ball. His flaming missile fell into the grass about a dozen yards away.

Achmet's method was different. He swung the bundle of hay two or three times, round his head, then launched it as if from a sling. It came down a yard or two beyond Roger's.

"Jolly good!" cried Roger. "I must try that way."

The grass, dry as tinder, had caught fire from the torches. There were cries of alarm, sounds of men trying to beat out the flames. They might have succeeded had not other blazing bundles flown over the barricade.

Huge flames shot up and, fanned by the breeze, spread with amazing rapidity. Dense clouds of smoke obscured the Basé, but their yells of rage and fright mingled with the crackle and roar of the flames and the whinnying snorts of their horses.

Then there was a wild scurry, the clatter of a hundred hoofs. The terrified animals had stampeded.

The flames swept over the grass-land like an enormous wave of fire. In a few seconds, as it seemed to the watchers, the space lately covered with high grass was a blackened desert. Here and there rose buffets of smoke where the fire was searching out clefts and crannies. Now and then red wisps of grass sailed up into the air, floated a moment on the breeze, then vanished.

Not a living creature was to be seen. Men and horses had disappeared round the shoulder of the cliff three hundred yards away.

"I should never have thought of that device, James," said Dr. Paradine, surveying the scene. "How simple and effective!"

"Yes; I'm a simple person," said his brother, smiling. "But what's that? Surely they haven't got behind us, after all!"

A great clamour from the valley behind them broke upon their ears. Turning about, they saw, in the fading light, a single horseman sweeping at full gallop down the slope, and round the corner came Ali, running hard.

"Our people are scared," said Mr. Paradine. "But I don't see more than one horseman."

"And he's Muleh!" cried Roger, in excitement. "Achmet, that's Muleh, isn't it?"

Achmet nodded. His eyes were gleaming.

On came the horseman, riding furiously. He flashed past Ali, who sank, a quivering heap, on the ground. He did not check his pace until he was within a few yards of the watching group at the barricade. Then he reined up suddenly, threw himself from his saddle, and bent almost to the ground before Achmet.

"My lord is well?" he said, and, on Achmet's replying, he went on: "A voice within my soul said that the mischief-workers were busy. What evil have they now wrought against my lord?"

Achmet related briefly the events of the day. The hunter flashed at Mr. Paradine a look of admiring approval when he heard how the Basé had been driven off. Then, with a single sharp exclamation, he sprang to the saddle, kicked his horse's flanks, took the barricade at a flying leap, and galloped over the blackened ground in the track of the discomfited Basé.

"What is the mad fellow about?" asked Mr. Paradine.

"He has gone to deal with the enemy, sir," said Achmet.

"But that is madness! One man against forty! And with one arm!" He paused, and for a moment looked worried. "We must back him up," he said suddenly. "Yakoub, fetch our mules—three—quickly. You two lads will come with me. Ben, you must do your best in our absence with your umbrella."

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Great Reformer

SEVEN years after Napoleon had died at St. Helena there was born in a Russian nobleman's mansion a little boy who was to become a famous novelist and write a great story about the French emperor's invasion of Russia. Having achieved world-wide fame as a novelist, he was to become still more celebrated as a great social reformer.

The boy was one of five children, and when he was an infant he lost his mother.

Then, when he was nine, his father died, and his upbringing fell into the hands of an aunt with whom he went to live. She was a gay society woman, and her influence on the sensitive boy was not good.

However, he studied, and at fifteen joined the university of Kazan. It was not a great scholastic centre, and the discipline was far too lax for the welfare of the students, who were free to throw themselves into a whirl of pleasure.

The youth went to balls and dances night after night till they wearied him, but amid the excitement of social pleasures he gave much thought to the problems of life. After four years the wild life he led affected his health, and he left the university and returned to his family estate, determined to better the lot of the serfs living there.

But he soon tired of being a would-be reformer, and, after a period of uncertainty, joined the Russian army. While indulging in sport he also studied, and began to write books which were acclaimed as showing great literary promise. He saw active service in Turkey and the Crimea, and then, leaving the army, travelled a little, and afterwards went back to his estate a confirmed opponent of war and a friend of the peasants.

His character was clearly shown by an incident during his stay at Lucerne, in Switzerland. A wandering musician who had played in the court of a fashionable hotel in vain sought alms of the visitors. The young Russian nobleman indignantly came to the rescue, led the musician into the hotel, gave him a good meal, and sent him away with a gift of money.

He now began to write his greatest novels, famous today all over the world. At the same time he hunted, and was once nearly killed by a bear. He married and settled down as a country gentleman, and then he suddenly began to feel that life had a new meaning.

From that time he became a great social and religious reformer, a stern enemy of war and force in every form, and, giving up all the luxuries of life, lived as an ascetic. He died in 1910. Here is his portrait. Who was he?





God With His Million Cares Remembers You



D! MERRYMAN

AN angry man rushed into a shop and exclaimed. "That egg you sold me today is absolutely rotten!"

"You have nothing to grumble at," said the shopkeeper sadly. "You've got only one; I've got a thousand of them."

□ □ □

WHAT is the difference between a farmer and a sempstress?

The one gathers what he sows, and the other sews what she gathers.

□ □ □

Transposition

WHEN Flora decks the fields with fragrant flowers, And sometimes e'en 'midst winter's snowy showers,

My being does commence. So pleasing is my form and outward mien

That to be loved I need but to be seen;

Emblem of innocence. Transpose me, yet, 'tis true, I'm valued still,

For, aided by the sage physician's skill, I soothing ease produce;

And even when I'm of my head bereft, And plural made, still valued boons are left,

Intended for the poor.

Answer next week

□ □ □

Evidence to the Contrary

A LEARNED professor had formed the habit of concentrating all his attention upon one subject at a time, and when he was dealing with some particularly weighty problem he was inclined to be very absent-minded over other matters. One day he was walking along a corridor in his college, thinking deeply, when he heard someone moving about in what he understood to be an unoccupied room. Tapping on the door he asked:

"Is there someone in this room?"

"No, sir," answered a voice.

"Strange," murmured the professor as he walked away. "I could have been sure I heard someone moving in there."

□ □ □

Two Tears

HELTER said to Skelter, "Now I vote we have a race, A point to point one, don't you know, down little Ronald's face!" "Though I'm tiny," answered Skelter, "I defy you, so here goes!"

But he dried up like a dewdrop when he got to Ronald's nose; While Helter, who was bigger, by the law of gravitation Went trickling serenely to his place of destination.

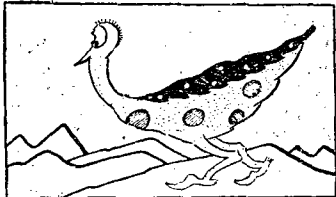
He didn't even hurry, for he knew that he would win, And he shortly dripped in triumph from the curve of Ronald's chin!

Do You Live at Ilford?

ILFORD means the ford of Illa, or Illo, and the place obtained its name from a ford over the River Roding, which runs through the district and near which some local celebrity of the name of Illa lived.

□ □ □

The Zoo That Never Was



The Qunk

THIS is a Qunk In a terrible funk. But why, goodness knows, For a Qunk has no foes!

□ □ □

Food for Thought

WHEN Sir Isaac Newton saw the apple fall from the tree he began to ponder on the gravity of the situation.

□ □ □

IF the poker, tongs, shovel, and fender cost £2 17s. 6d., what will a ton of coals come to? Ashes.

□ □ □

All the Alphabet in a Sentence

A C.N. reader has succeeded in making up a sentence in which occur all the 26 letters of the alphabet, and none appears more than once. The sentence is:

FITZ'S QUACK GYM VEX'D
H. L. BROWN, J.P.

Of course it is difficult to make a sensible sentence unless some of the letters are used more than once, but our reader has, we think, made a very creditable effort.

Many attempts have been made to do this, but so far we have not seen one that used all the letters once only. Generally i is used for j, and several letters are given twice or more.

□ □ □

The Problem of the Sawyers' Wages

WILLIAM BROWN and his two sons, James and Clarence, went to work at the same sawmill for three days a week. James and his father together earned a pound a day; Clarence and his father together earned 18s. a day; and James and Clarence together earned 14s. a day.

How much a day did each man earn?

Answer next week

□ □ □

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Beheaded Word

Separable, parable, arable, able

The Problem of the Pupils 28

A Riddle in Rhyme Voltaire

Jacko is Wanted

ETHEL flung down the newspaper she was reading and jumped to her feet.

"I do believe it's for Jacko!" she exclaimed.

"What?" asked everyone at the breakfast-table.

"Listen!" replied Ethel. "This is from the Personal column: If the boy in the red-and-black cricket cap who was seen in Meadfield last Friday will call at The Pines, Meadfield, at three today, he will hear of something to his advantage."

"I was in Meadfield on Friday, and our cap is red and black!" cried Jacko.

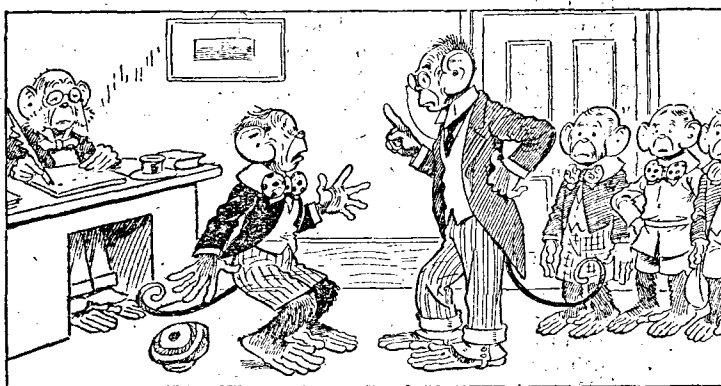
"You must have done someone a kindness," said Ethel, "and they've left you a lot of money and died."

"It sounds like Jacko!" sneered Adolphus. "I expect some criminal has escaped down the Meadfield Road, and they want to examine everyone who was noticed thereabouts, in case they can get a description of the man and his car."

"But why must he call at The Pines and not at the police station?" asked Ethel.

"Anyway, you must go, Jacko," said his father.

Jacko had no idea what it could mean. The butcher boy told him that the owner of The Pines was Major Bennett, a magistrate. Jacko was very excited and important, and snubbed Ethel rather more than usual that day.



"Good!" said the man. "I've caught you at last!"

When he arrived at The Pines he was shown into a study where three other boys were waiting and a gentleman was writing at a desk. When Jacko came in he looked up and said:

"Oh, sit down! A neighbour of mine who wants to see you boys will be here directly."

Presently the friend came in. Jacko thought he had caught a glimpse of him somewhere before, but he couldn't, for the life of him, remember where.

"Ah, Bennett!" said the new-comer. "So here are the boys. Let me have a look at them. Ah! This is the one!" He laid his hand on Jacko's shoulder.

"What's your name? And address? And school?" he asked, pulling out a pocket-book.

Jacko told him.

"Good!" said the man. "You've robbed my garden three times, you young rascal, and escaped very neatly; but I've caught you at last! They were excellent pears and peaches, weren't they? But I wonder—when I've finished with you—if you'll think they were worth it!"

Jacko didn't. It taught him a lesson, for he will never rob another orchard as long as he lives.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

Lewis and Pat

Many dogs have their own special toys, a ball, an old shoe, or a glove.

Lewis, the dog friend of a London physician, has as a toy a small plush puppy, upon which he lavishes the utmost care. So great is his devotion that he refuses to go to bed without it.

It is part of the etiquette between Lewis and Pat that Pat must be hidden in the daytime. The hiding-place varies daily. Every night, when it is time for bed, Lewis conducts a little pantomime. He pretends that he has forgotten where the beloved Pat is hidden. A look of perplexity comes over his face, and he searches in all the usual places without success.

Then he pretends that a sudden inspiration has come to him, and, trotting off, he returns with the little plush puppy between his paws, and so goes to sleep.

Louis et Pat

Beaucoup de chiens ont leurs jouets à eux, une balle, un vieux soulier, ou bien un gant.

Louis, le chien et l'ami d'un médecin de Londres, a pour jouet un petit chien en peluche auquel il prodigue les plus grands soins. Son dévouement est tel qu'il refuse d'aller au lit sans son jouet.

Une partie de l'étiquette entre Louis et Pat est qu'il faut que Pat soit caché pendant la journée. La cachette varie chaque jour. Tous les soirs, à l'heure du coucher, Louis joue une petite pantomime. Il fait semblant d'avoir oublié l'endroit où est caché le bien-aimé Pat. Un air de perplexité couvre son visage, et il cherche en vain dans tous les endroits habituels.

Puis il feint une inspiration soudaine, et, s'éloignant en trotinant, il revient avec le petit chien de peluche entre ses pattes, et s'endort ainsi.

Tales Before Bedtime

No Dinner for Speckle

THE day was cold and very wet, so Speckle and Tufty and Snowy and all the other hens were crowded together in the scratching-shed.

At dinner-time an old woman came down the garden carrying a dish. She opened the door of the hen-run and threw in some scraps. What a scramble there was! Speckle thought she would never get a bite, for the others were so greedy.

Then she managed to get hold of a big crust of soaked bread. "I will have this one," thought Speckle, and she darted under the woman's skirts, and through the door into the garden.

But did she eat her dinner in peace? No! From every tree and bush sparrows came flying, cheeky little rascals who chased poor Speckle, and made her run here, there, and everywhere, till at last she was so upset that she dropped her precious crust and ran back to the hen-run without any dinner.

The sparrows crowded round the crust, jostling each other and quarrelling. Sometimes one managed to peck at it and get a tiny crumb, but then he was pushed away by the others.

While they were fussing over the stolen dinner, other birds appeared—great gulls, who wheeled overhead, eyeing the crust but afraid to come down because it was so near the house.

Then, suddenly, a little gull with black wings, a kittiwake, like those we see on the river and about the docks, made a bold swoop and seized the crust and carried it off.

An exciting chase began in the air. A big herring gull made a dash at the kittiwake but he flew farther away.

At first the little gull kept ahead quite easily, but he had no chance to eat the crust. After a little he began to feel



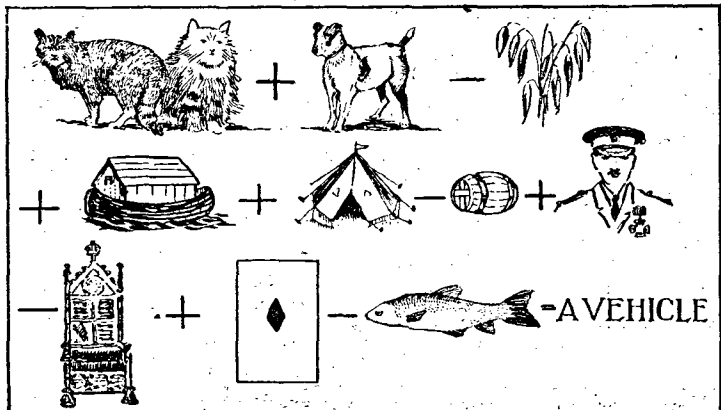
What a scramble there was!

very tired, and the big gull kept coming nearer and nearer, till at last the kittiwake, feeling quite frightened, opened his mouth and dropped the crust.

But it never reached the ground. The big herring gull caught it in mid-air, and a few minutes later flew out of sight, carrying it in his beak!

This story is a true one: a reader of the C.N. was watching and saw it all happen.

Alphabet and Arithmetic



When the letters of the words represented by these pictures have been added and subtracted, the resulting word will be the name of a vehicle.

Solution next week

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

June 16, 1923

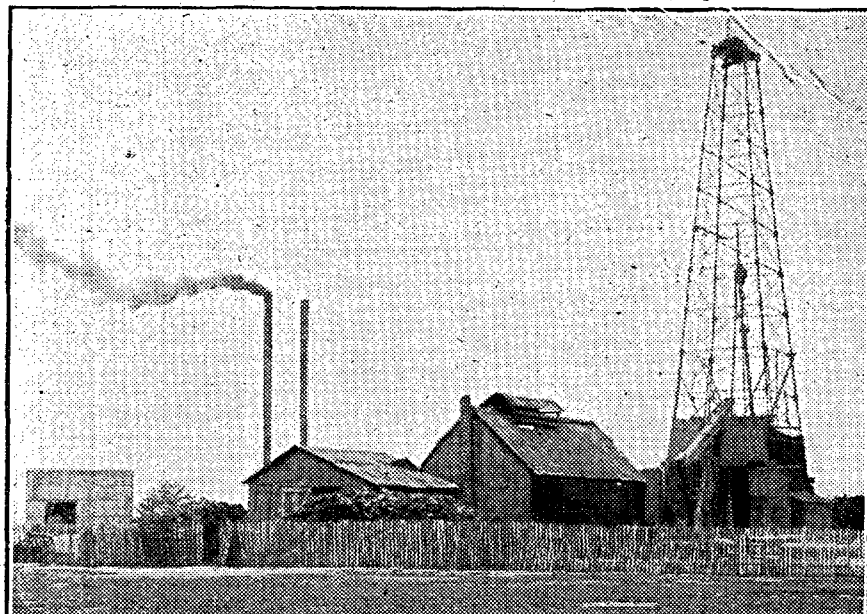
Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, excepting Canada, for 14s.; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

ENGLISH OIL WELL · GAS MASKS ON THE ROAD · BOYS GREET THE PREMIER



A Friend in Need—A Portsmouth police constable helps a party of children across the street. One of the boys has thoughtfully picked up his pet goat, and is carrying it out of danger.



An English Oil Well—The Hardstoft oil well in Derbyshire, which is still yielding oil, has been bought from the Government by the Duke of Devonshire, who intends to develop it.



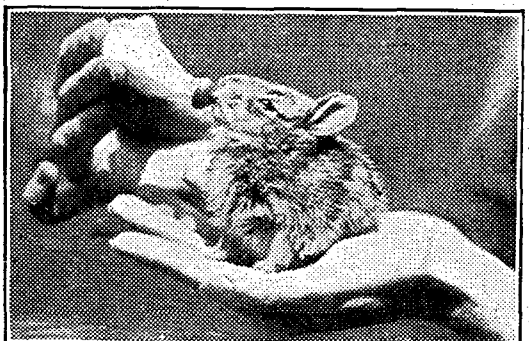
Gas Masks for Road-Makers—Owing to the fumes given off by the hot tar, Bridlington road-makers have been wearing masks to protect eyes and lungs.



A Long Jump—Miss W. Penny, of Chelsea, winning the long jump at the Chelsea and Battersea Polytechnics Combined Sports at Merton Abbey recently. As can be seen, she jumped in fine style.



Preparing the Camp Dinner—These happy Girl Guides, who have been having a camp holiday at Hornchurch, are here seen carrying out a very important duty.



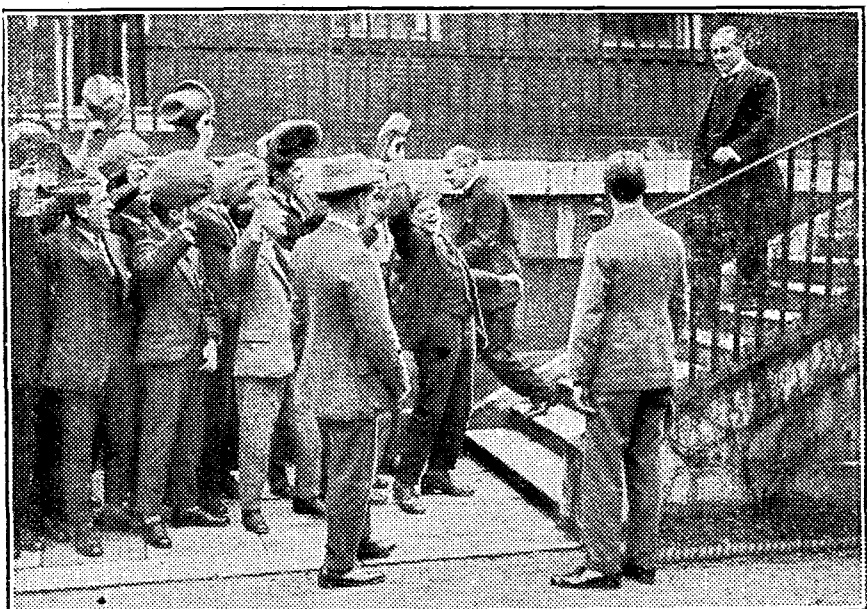
Bringing Up the Pet Rabbit—This little wild rabbit was found, half-starved, by a Washington lady, who took it home with her and brought it up on the bottle.



Dickens's House for Sale—Gad's Hill Place, near Rochester, the home of Charles Dickens, is to be sold. Here he wrote the last part of *Edwin Drood*.



Caught in the Spider's Web—This spider's web in the obstacle race at the athletic sports of Marlborough House School, Reading, was a very formidable obstacle and took a good deal of negotiating by the competitors. It was amusing to see the boys get out of the web.



Boys Greet the New Prime Minister—A deputation of boys from Baldwin's Works, Swansea, at No. 10, Downing Street, where they attended to congratulate Mr. Baldwin on his high honour. Mr. Baldwin's father founded the works. The boys are seen cheering the Premier.

ALL THE WORLD LOVES THE C.N. MONTHLY. ASK FOR MY MAGAZINE. EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the proprietors, the Amalgamated Press (1922), Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4. It is registered as a newspaper and for transmission by Canadian post. It can be ordered (with My Magazine) from these agents: Canada, Imperial News Co. (Canada), Ltd.; Australasia, Gordon and Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency; India, A. H. Wheeler and Co. N/R